THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir William Harrington.

VOL. II.

30 72
MAY

THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir William Harrington.

WRITTEN SOME YEARS SINCE,

And reviſed and corrected

By the late Mr RICHARDSON,

Author of Sir Charles Grandiſon, Clariſſa, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

The SECOND EDITION.

Of Folly ſtudious, ev'n of Vices vain,
Ah! Vices gilded by the Rich and Gay.
SHENSTONE's Elegies.

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INDEX

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS Julia *to Miſs* Harrington. *Arrival in town of a perſon much intereſted in this Hiſtory. Some ſlight diſcoveries favourily more of curioſity, than delicacy.* p. 1

LETTER XXX.

Miſs Julia Harrington *in continuation. Small yet not unimportant anecdotes. Bad conſciences quickly alarmed. A deep-laid villainy, and the conſequence of truſting fools with ſecrets.* - 17

LETTER XXXI.

The Right Hon. the Earl of W. *to Sir* William Harrington. *An intereſting and agreeable propoſal.* - 31

LETTER XXXII.

Sir William Harrington *to Miſs* Harrington. *A delicate teſtimony of brotherly affection.* - - - 32

LETTER XXXIII.

Miſs Harrington *to Sir* William Harrington. *The propoſal accepted.* 34

LETTER XXXIV.

Sir William *to Miſs* Harrington. *Further advancement in the foregoing affair.* 36

LETTER XXXV.

Miſs Julia *to Miſs* Harrington. *Diſintereſted joy in a ſiſter's happineſs. Striking inſtance of virtue in a libertine. Delicate generoſity in a lover. Diſtinction between proud and noble diſpoſitions.* 37

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Miſs Harrington *to Miſs* Julia. *Serious reflections on marriage. Wanton cruelty diſplayed in a trifling occurrence.* 49

LETTER XXXVII.

Miſs Harrington *in continuation. An impertinent curioſity properly removed. Remarks on perſons of trade, and thoſe of high birth.* - - 64

LETTER XXXVIII.

Sir William Harrington *to Miſs* Randall. *A compoſition of artful intrigue, wicked deſigns, and low falſhood; tending altogether to prove, that guilt and meanneſs are inſeperable.* - 74

LETTER XXXIX.

The ſame to the Hon. John Renholds; *equally diſhoneſt and illiberal as the former.* - - 88

LETTER XL.

Miſs Randall *to Sir* William Harrington. *An inſtance how far innate virtue ſtands in need of prudence to defend it.* 92

LETTER XLI.

The Hon. John Renholds *to Sir* William Harrington. *The friendſhip, prudence, and ſelf denial of libertines painted in their true colours.* - 97

LETTER XLII.

Miſs Julia *to Miſs* Harrington. *Well-grounded apprehenſions. Fine ſpun court-ſhip, and ſome concomitant circumſtances, rather fanciful than natural.* 108

LETTER XLIII.

Sir William Harrington *to the Hon.* John Renholds. *A rhapſody on falſe pleaſure.* 122

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

The ſame to Miſs Randall. *Mean artifice, untruth, and impoſition.* - 128

LETTER XLV.

Miſs Harrington *to Miſs* Julia. *Self-examination and reflections thereon, very conſiſtent with a virtuous and delicate mind. Compariſon drawn between the force of paſſion and reaſon. Wit, a miſchievous talent. More natural reflections on an important event.* - 134

LETTER XLVI.

Miſs Cordelia *to Miſs* Julia Harrington. *Inſtances of modeſt aſſurance diſplayed in a viſit, and at a ball at Bath.* 153

LETTER XLVII.

Miſs Julia *to Miſs* Cordelia Harrington. *Apt and pleaſant raillery, joined to a nice underſtanding. A family-buſtle in great forwardneſs. A digreſſion on the motives for marriage in both ſexes. Cloaths and jewels.*

jewels touched upon. Female PACKERS *deſcribed.* - - 161

LETTER XLVIII.

Miſs Cordelia *to Miſs* Julia Harrington. *A candid confeſſion, and ſome juſt obſervations reſulting from it. An unexpected event produces a great diſcovery. Miſs* Millar *introduced. A baſe deſign likely to be rendered abortive.* - 180

LETTER XLIX.

Miſs Julia *to Miſs* Cordelia Harrington. *More buſtling anecdotes. Whimſical ſketch of a farce. An unexpected defect at repartee, and juſt remarks thereon, being a very uſeful leſſon to unmarried ladies.* 199

LETTER L.

Miſs Julia Harrington *in continuation. An intereſting event takes place to general ſatisfaction. A pleaſant piece of miſchief, and diſcloſure of it. Trifling, but not unpleaſing, occurrences in the family-way. An*

An adventure in the gallery of Drury-lane theatre, more whimſical than prudent. A removal from London. - 217

LETTER LI.

Miſs Julia Harrington, *from C. Park, in continuation. Additions to the ſketch of a farce, the ſcene lying in the country.* 243

A DESCRIP-

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 MAY 72

A

DESCRIPTION

OF

MODERN LIFE.

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs JULIA to Miſs CONSTANTIA HARRINGTON.

New Bond-Street, Dec. 15th.

THE morning after her arrival in town Miſs Randall came to my aunt's, and gave me my dear Conſtantia's letter. Too tedious!—No, no, my ſweet girl, don't be afraid of that. I almoſt long to ſhew my brother the letter, but dare not for Miſs Randall's ſake, let him have a ſight of it, for fear he ſhould too far improve upon the hint you give, that

virtue may be overcome by art. And yet I amafraid there needs no hint of that kind; for at preſent he ſeems—but I'll ſay no more concerning my own conjectures; you, ſiſter, ſhall be a judge yourſelf, when I have related all that has happened here within theſe few days.

Letitia, when ſhe entered our dining-room, appeared in high ſpirits, indeed quite uncommon for her. My brother ſoon after came in, and very genteely welcomed her to town; but this was done in ſuch a kind of way, as made me rather miſtruſt it was not the *firſt* welcome he had given her; I thought they had had an interview before.

You know, Conſtantia, I generally ſpeak my thoughts pretty freely, and I did ſo on the preſent occaſion. Miſs bluſhed; my brother looked rather ſilly; but at length, after ſome heſitation, owned—that, paſſing through the Strand that morning, he ſaw her at the window; and having been told by me, Miſs Randall was to be in town about that time, aſſured himſelf it was ſhe; upon which he

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 72 MAY

he went into the ſhop, and aſked if ſuch a lady was there; and being anſwered in the affirmative, deſired to ſee her; which favour was granted him by her couſin Chambers, who inſtantly conducted him into the dining-room, where Miſs was ſitting by herſelf, Mr Randall being juſt gone out.

No very wiſe action this of Chambers; was it ſiſter? to take, without aſking any queſtions, a man of my brother's gay appearance into the preſence of a girl juſt come out of the country, and in her father's abſence too? All the world are mad, I think; and, from what I obſerve in the behaviour of other people, I begin to have a better opinion of the conduct of *Julia Harrington*.

My aunt aſked Miſs Randall what day would be moſt convenient for her papa and ſhe to ſpend with us; and Letitia fixing it for the next, my brother ſaid, with the permiſſion of Mrs Montague, he would make one of the party. She replied, his company would be then, as at all times, quite acceptable to her; and, added

added ſhe, pray invite Lord S. too, for he is, as well as yourſelf, acquainted with Mr Randall, to whom the company of men muſt be more acceptable than all women.

As Letitia had never been in town before, we now talked about ſeveral ſchemes of pleaſure for her, and my brother offered to be her eſquire, in order to ſhew her the town; when my aunt Montague—oh, how blind is ſhe to all the faults and imperfections of this nephew of hers! ſaid, Miſs Randall you'll be perfectly ſafe under the care of Sir William; it is really quite happy for you he is in town, for he will, from his own knowledge of them, introduce you properly into all public places.

Ah! thought I, into *public* places ſhe may go with him ſafe enough; let her, however, if ſhe is wiſe, keep out of *private* ones, and it will be very well.

At length the lady took her leave of my aunt and me; but Sir William, the complaiſant Sir William, would attend her to her lodgings; ſo away they went together,

together, Mrs Montague taking occaſion, as ſoon as he was gone, to praiſe her nephew for ſuch a *genteel* piece of gallantry, as ſhe ſtiled it; for my part I *ſaid* nothing, but I *thought* the more.

Next day, at two, Mr Randall and his daughter came; Lord S. and Sir William had arrived juſt before. Letitia was dreſſed, without powder, in a pink negligee, and an elegant ſuit of blond lace, and indeed, made a moſt lovely figure. I wiſh my brother is not too ſenſible of the lady's charms, for he gazed at her ſo eagerly, and ſhe, with a ſort of ſweet conſciouſneſs, caſt down her fine eyes, a bluſh overſpreading her expreſſive countenance. Ah, Conſtantia! I fear, I fear ſhe has her full ſhare of ſuſceptibility! But perhaps I judge wrong; your letter may occaſion my being more ſuſpicious than I might otherwiſe have been. Mr Randall, ſo much my ſuperior in wiſdom, does not ſeem to be in the leaſt diſturbed; perhaps there is no cauſe—but, as I ſaid before, I'll give you a true account,

count, and then you ſhall yourſelf be judge of the affair.

At dinner my aunt placed, according to rule, Miſs Randall at her right hand, and I was going to ſeat myſelf at her other, when Sir William, knowing he could not ſit above Mr Randall at his aunt's table, ſaid, Why do we ſtupid Engliſhmen, Lord S. ſuffer all the women to ſit together in cluſters? How unſociable is this? and no where done but in this iſland. What ſay you, ſhall we now break through it? With all my heart, replied his Lordſhip. But what ſays Mr Randall? My actions ſhall ſpeak for me, anſwered that ever obliging man, at the ſame time taking his ſeat next Mrs Montague; Madam, ſaid he, the young folks you find want to get together, and I love to humour them in every thing that is reaſonable. I ſat next Mr Randall, and my brother placed himſelf by Letitia, on the other ſide of the table, ſaying, I take no care of you, Charles (to Lord S.) ſeat yourſelf. He drew his chair cloſe to mine. Now, as it

it was a long table we dined upon, and as no one ſat on the ſame ſide with my brother and Miſs Randall, nothing could be more convenient; for a hand might be laid in her lap, preſſing one of hers, without any fear of a diſcovery, except from ſuch a creature as myſelf, who made it my buſineſs to watch. Indeed I did watch, and perceived that all the time of their ſitting together, after the removal of dinner, the gentleman and lady never had but *two* hands between both, at liberty, or which appeared in ſight. Nay, worſe than this, Conſtantia—I am a ſad companion you'll ſay—

As we walked about the room, between the time of dinner and tea, happening to caſt my eyes upon Letitia's pretty feet, I obſerved ſome black upon one of her ſtockings, which I could ſwear to it was not there when ſhe firſt came in the morning; it looked like, and moſt certainly was ſome of the japan rubbed off my brother's ſhoe.

Upon this I could not help being a little cruel; Miſs Randall, ſaid I, 'tis diſagreeable

diſagreeable to be the meſſenger of ill news, but you have ſome way or other got a miſchance upon one of your ſtockings. She looked at her feet and ancles, when inſtantly between her face, neck, and gown, there was ſcarcely any difference in colour, except that the former were rather of the deepeſt die; yet ſhe came off extremely well. The charming effects this of your naſty London hacks, ſaid ſhe; they will really quite ruin me, for this is not the only accident I have met with to-day—See, taking a pair of gloves out of her pocket—theſe I have quite ſpoiled getting into the coach, and was obliged to have others before I came from home. My ſtocking too has got a little touch, but I did not perceive it before.

Nor I neither, my dear, thought I—Well cleared, Letitia, however; and if thy genius improves, child, as I make no doubt it will, under the tuition of ſo good an inſtructor as Sir William, in a ſhort time thou wilt be able to manage an intrigue bravely.

After

After tea we went to cards, during which nothing in the leaſt remarkable happened. But after ſupper, as we all ſat in the ſame places we had done at dinner, I again was very ſpiteful; for when my brother and the lady leaſt ſuſpected it, I ſnatch'd up a candle, and popt my head in an inſtant under the table. What is the matter, Miſs Harrington? ſaid Lord S. who roſe in a great hurry in order to do me ſome piece of ſervice he could not tell what—Only dropt my tooth-pick anſwered I—don't trouble yourſelf, my Lord, I ſee very plainly what I looked after; and indeed I did, for Sir William was very ardently preſſing between his feet, one of Miſs Randall's, and holding in his hand one of hers, which ſhe (I doubt not for that purpoſe) had careleſsly let fall on that ſide next him. But as ſuch kind of doings are generally works of darkneſs, on the approach of the candle the union of feet was inſtantly diſſolved, the hands ſnatched away, and ſome very viſible ſigns of confuſion diſplayed on the lady's counte-

nance. My brother, quite mad at being detected—what the d—l, Julia, ſaid he, do you make ſuch a rout about a trumpery tooth-pick for? You have plenty, I am ſure, for I ſaw Lord S. give you a large bundle this morning.

I do not love to be extravagant, brother, anſwered I; but—(looking full in his face with as much meaning as I was able) my ſtooping need not to have diſ—turbed you.—Here I rather heſitated in my ſpeech, ſo that the word diſturbed was by that means drawn to a greater length than uſual.

Very well, Madam, ſaid he, pettiſhly. —I hope ſo indeed, anſwered I, for I don't love miſchief unleſs it is of my own making.

Miſs Harrington is of too generous a temper to delight in miſchief, I am ſure, ſaid Letitia.—No indeed, reply'd Lord S. you are quite miſtaken, Madam; for I believe one of her greateſt delights is to teaze me. Oh, ſiſter! how mad was I!—a fool! what occaſion, I wonder, had he to ſpeak, by that means rendering a ſubject

ſubject general, which, if it had been confined to Miſs Randall, Sir William, and myſelf, might not have been ſo much for their eaſe, as my diverſion while it laſted.

At length the hour of eleven came, and then Lord S. in his coach carried Mr Randall and his daughter home, before he and Sir William went to Groſvenor-ſquare.

This morning I took a chair and went to Chambers's houſe, where I aſked if Mr Randall was at home. No, Madam, anſwered a very pretty kind of woman who was in the ſhop—but Miſs is above. Is ſhe alone, aſked I?—(And I proteſt, Conſtantia, at the time, without any manner of reaſon.)

She has a gentleman with her, Madam, anſwered Mrs Chambers, who is here a great deal, being an acquaintance of Mr Randall's as well as of Miſs: he came home with them laſt night from a Mrs Montague's, I think; they had been viſiting.

The gentleman's name, if it is not impertinent, Madam, ſaid I. Oh, dear! not at all, reply'd ſhe, for my couſin need not be aſhamed of being acquainted with Sir William Harrington. He is an humble ſervant of Miſs Randall's, I preſume, Madam, ſaid I.

Why, reply'd ſhe, ſo my huſband and I are apt to believe, from the appearance of things.

I finding this Mrs Chambers a good chatty kind of woman, and from whom, if I managed her properly, I might poſſibly gain ſome knowledge, took a chair. Madam, ſaid I, I want ſome rich ſilver ribbon for a ſword-knot. She needed not to be twice ſpoken to upon that ſubject, ſo took out a drawer containing ſeveral colours.

I choſe out two; and, Madam, ſaid I, as I ſhall want to diſpoſe of them to-night, I'll ſtay while you make them up. She prepared to do ſo, at the ſame time ſaying—This piece of ribbon, Madam, nobody in town can produce the fellow of—The pattern is of Mr Chambers's own

own contriving—See—(folding it up into proper form) how exactly it is ſuited to the purpoſe deſigned. I never made but one ſword-knot of it before this of yours, and that was this morning juſt before you came, for Miſs Randall, as a preſent to Sir William.---

She goes to the play with him to-night, as I underſtand, in company with his ſiſter and Lord S. in whoſe coach he brought home my couſins laſt night; and he has given her a very handſome pair of diamond tops for her ears, which ſhe is to wear this evening. But, Madam, perhaps I tell you more than I ought? Lord! how vaſtly pretty this ribbon looks! Did you ever ſee any thing better ſuited to the purpoſe? But as I ſaid, Madam, I ſhould not have told you that the ear-rings were a preſent from Sir William to my couſin, ſo beg when you ſee her you won't mention it, for her papa knows nothing of the matter. Miſs tells him ſhe bought them herſelf, with part of an hundred pound prize ſhe had in the late lottery: But to me ſhe owned

the truth, and, Madam, I dare ſay you may ſafely be truſted. You'll not ſpeak of it to the old gentleman, I am ſure, becauſe you ſay you are Miſs's friend—— Would you pleaſe, Madam, to walk up ſtairs?

No, Mrs Chambers, anſwered I, as Miſs Randall has her humble ſervant with her, any other company can't be agreeable--- I'll therefore take ſome other opportunity of paying her a viſit---at preſent, I ſuppoſe, ſhe and Sir William are very happy in being alone together.

Indeed, Madam, anſwered ſhe, I do believe they are very happy. Bleſs me! how lucky a girl was Miſs Letty, to gain the affections of ſuch a fine gentleman! I could tell you a great deal if I pleaſed.

Dear Mrs Chambers, ſaid I, we women all love ſecrets of this kind—pray truſt me.

Why, Madam, reply'd ſhe, ſome little time ago (but this part of the ſtory my huſband is a ſtranger to) a gentleman came to our ſhop one morning, and— Here Mr Chambers moſt unfortunately entered

entered and put an end to the diſcourſe, to my great mortification; ſince I dare ſay, from what ſhe was going to ſay, I ſhould have gained great lights into this preſent dark affair. My ſword-knots now were finiſhed, ſo I took leave, after telling Mrs Chambers I ſhould want ſomething in her way the next morning, when I begged ſhe would give me an hour's private converſation, in order to finiſh that ſmall hiſtory ſhe had begun; and that I wiſhed ſhe would not mention any thing about me for the preſent to her couſins, who I ſaid might take it amiſs if I was to be at the houſe two mornings running, and not pay them a viſit, which I could not do, having buſineſs which would require my attendance the next day, immediately upon my quitting her. Both my requeſts ſhe promiſed to comply with, ſo I took my leave and went directly home.

Oh, Conſtantia! what do you think of all this? Is there not cauſe to fear ſomething bad will turn out? I am determined, if poſſible, to ſearch the affair

to

to the bottom to-night at the play; and to-morrow morning perhaps, by the help of this woman, I may diſcover what I want to know.

Mr Randall ſets out to-morrow early, and, poor man! I doubt leaves his daughter in a fair way for ruin! I'll take all the care of her I can—and poor care that will be, perhaps you will ſay, who take ſo little of myſelf.

Here I'll end this letter, not chooſing to let Mr Randall return to you without one; but I ſhall begin another very ſoon, and you may depend upon it, that all the information I can gain, ſhall from time to time be faithfully tranſmitted to you, by

Your

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

Miſs JULIA HARRINGTON in Continuation.

December 17.

ON my return home after my expedition to Chambers's, I found Lord S. ready at hand to receive the preſents I had bought for him. My aunt was gone out, but he wanting to ſee me, ſtay'd for my coming home, and was, at my return, reading in the dining room.

When I entered—My Lord, ſaid I, can you tell me what ſcheme your friend Sir William is purſuing this morning? No, Madam, anſwered he.---I looked at him very attentively, ſaying, Really? Not the leaſt change appeared in his countenance, and he again anſwered, no; likewiſe adding---upon his honour, the more readily, I ſuppoſe, to convince me. Have you ſeen him to-day, aſked I? No, Madam; he went out, as I am informed by my

my ſervant, pretty early, and did not return to breakfaſt.

Ah! ſaid I, ſitting down upon a ſettee ---but too true, I doubt; and then being quite overcome by the hurry of ſpirits I was in, ſome tears ſprang up to my eyes, which, as I wiped away, the good Lord S. (I do really believe the man loves me) took my hand, which I did not endeavour to withdraw.

Charming Miſs Harrington! ſaid he, what can have ſo greatly diſturbed you? Let me ſhare your trouble---perhaps I may be able to remove it---Why are you ſo frighted? I make no doubt your brother is very ſafe---What is there to alarm you in his going out this morning to breakfaſt? Dear Madam! it is no uncommon thing for us young fellows to be abſent whole days, nay, ſometimes weeks, upon a ſcheme we don't truſt our friends with the knowledge of; and yet for all this we come to no harm.

My Lord, cried I, you know nothing of the matter---you can't tell, indeed you can't, what miſchief may be hatching.

Dear

Dear creature! (kiſſing my hand with a tender affection which ſome how quite touched my heart) what means this odd kind of foreboding which ſeems to have laid hold of you? Do not give way to groundleſs fears, I beg you---Make yourſelf eaſy, for your brother is quite ſafe, I make no queſtion.

He ſafe, reply'd I, pettiſhly---Yes, yes, I make no doubt of that. I wiſh ſome other people were as ſafe as he.

Dear Miſs Harrington, you now fright me! Who is not ſafe? Who is in danger? I vow you ſpeak in ſuch a myſterious manner, I can't underſtand you.

Nor would I have you, my Lord, returned I.---(Now thinking I had ſaid too much.) So to turn the diſcourſe, I took out of my pocket the ſword-knots, at the ſame time ſaying---Here, man, don't ſay any more that I am not good to you; ſee what a notable preſent I have been buying for you this morning.

He took the ribbon, and bowing very reſpectfully, ſaid---All which comes from your hand, Madam, I moſt highly eſteem:

ſteem: What a charming taſte you have in every thing! what pretty ribbons! I'll wear one of them in honour of the donor this evening.

Then ſaid I, humour my fancy---wear this---touching that of which Miſs Randall had given my brother the fellow.

Soon after this, his Lordſhip departed, and I went to my dreſſing room, where, Conſtantia, I wrote that letter, which, e'er this, I ſuppoſe, you have received from the hand of Mr Randall, who purpoſed lying at the hall in his way home.

Miſs Randall and her papa came to drink tea with us, and Lord S. and Sir William were there too; being, as Mrs Chambers had ſaid, to attend Letitia and myſelf to the play. My aunt did not go, nor Mr Randall; ſo they ſpent the evening together, playing at piquet till we returned.

Letitia was dreſt in her diamond tops ---very pretty ones, I can aſſure you; though no doubt to be made of that, for when young fellows want to purchaſe extraordinary favours, they ſeldom think they

they can buy them too dear, provided it is not at the price of their liberty.

Lord S. had his ſword-knot on; it ſhone prodigiouſly, and the glitter attracting my aunt Montague's eyes---You are very fine, my Lord, ſaid ſhe?

Yes, Madam, reply'd he, and I wear it in honour of---A lady, no doubt, interrupted I; but you ſhould not boaſt of ladies favours, ſo pray don't tell us her name. He bowed to me very reſpectfully, his eyes at the ſame time indicating that he took the hint. I ſhall make ſomething of this man in time, Conſtantia; he comes on bravely, don't you think ſo?

Sir William went to Lord S. and examining the ribbon---How, Charles, ſaid he! where didſt thou get this? I thought ---here he ſtopt---Thought what, brother, ſaid I?

Not regarding my queſtion, he went to Miſs Randall, who to his whiſper anſwered, No,---(I ſuppoſe he aſked her if ſhe had given Lord S. a ſword-knot as well as himſelf) No! repeated he, then

where the devil Charles got it I can't imagine. Shall I tell you, brother, ſaid I? You tell, anſwered he---How ſhould you know any thing of the matter? Do you dare me, Sir William? I do, Madam. Why then, ſaid I, in the firſt place I will tell you that his Lordſhip's is not the only one of the ſort in town; for it has a twin brother ſo exactly like it, there is ſcarce any ſuch thing as diſtinguiſhing them, even when together.—Well, and what is all this to the purpoſe, ſiſter Julia? Lord, Sir William, ſaid Miſs Randall, why do you trouble yourſelf about nothing? Of what conſequence can it be to you I wonder where Lord S. bought his ſword-knot.

It was bought at the ſame place, replied I, where---. Dear, dear Miſs Harrington, cried ſhe haſtily, don't humour his curioſity---and her confuſion plainly told me ſhe wiſhed not to have her father know ſhe had made the preſent.

Oh, guilt! how doſt thou affect people! Poor Letitia! ſhe knew ſhe had given one of the ſame; her conſcience ſtruck her,

her, and upon that account, ſhe of courſe concluded I was going to mention it: Not conſidering how unlikely it was I ſhould come at the knowledge of the affair.

Seeing her thus evidently affected, I ſpared her, and dropped the ſubject, and ſoon after we went to the play, where nothing in the leaſt remarkable happened, nor during the evening after we came back to my aunt's.

Mr Randall and his daughter were again taken home in Lord S.'s coach, he and Sir William, as before, attending them.

The next morning, at nine, Mr Randall ſet out for Hampſhire, as I was informed by Mrs Chambers, to whom I went at twelve, according to appointment, and found the good woman ready to receive me. I aſked where Miſs was? Gone out, Madam, anſwered ſhe. With whom, Mrs Chambers? Why, really I can't tell, Madam; only Sir William Harrington, he was one; and beſides him a gentleman and a lady, but I did

not hear their names, and never to my knowledge ſaw them before: I believe they are gone to an auction. Oh brave! thought I; things go on apace: But pray, Madam, what ſort of people were the gentleman and lady?

The gentleman, a good handſome man, replied ſhe, but rather a rakiſh kind of look; he was dreſſed in a red coat, and yet I don't think he is an officer neither, for he had no cockade in his hat. The lady, I fancy has been pretty, but ſhe is now out of her bloom, yet dreſſes as if ſhe was but eighteen.

Mr Loyd and Mrs Granville, as ſure as fate, Conſtantia; don't you think ſo?

Well but Mrs Chambers, ſaid I, we waſte time; ſhew me a paper of French gloves, and while I chooſe out what I want, be ſo kind to begin the ſtory we were interrupted in yeſterday. She complied with both my requeſts: Firſt reached the gloves, and then ſpoke as follows:

'Some time ago, Madam, a gentleman 'came to my ſhop, and bought a great 'many things of me, for Mr Chambers

'was

'was not at home; and in the courſe of 'our chat, he ſaid he had cut the fore-'finger of his right hand that morning, 'at the ſame time ſhewing it me bound 'up. This is plaguy unlucky, ſaid he, 'for I have got half a dozen papers in my 'pocket I want to get franked, and the 'gentleman who was to ſet his hand to 'them won't do it, unleſs they are firſt 'directed: Madam, the favour is too 'great, or elſe I would aſk you to direct 'them for me, ſince, I am, as you ſee, 'incapable of writing. He had, Madam, 'as I ſaid before, bought a great many 'things of me, and you know it is right 'to oblige ſuch people, in hopes of hav-'ing their cuſtom again; ſo I told him, 'that if he would give me the papers I 'would with all my heart direct them for 'him. Oh, Madam, ſaid he, how much 'you oblige me, at the ſame time pull-'ing out the covers, which I received, 'and taking up a pen, aſked him what 'I ſhould write?

'*TO Miſs Randall*, anſwered he, *at the 'ſeat of Sir William Harrington in Hants.*

'How, Sir! ſaid I, Miſs Randall! why 'ſhe is my couſin. Dear woman, re-'turned he, I love you then for her 'ſake! well, ſurely in a lucky moment I 'entered your houſe! how fortunate this 'adventure of mine!

'Ah, Sir, replied I, you ſeem to be a 'fine gay gentleman, and what your in-'tentions by my couſin may be, I can't 'tell. They are all formed upon the 'plan of honour, Madam, I can aſſure 'you, anſwered he; and I'll tell you far-'ther,---I am Sir William Harrington.

'I was now quite ſatisfied, ſo immedi-'ately directed the franks, and after that 'generally uſed to ſee him every day. 'The time of his coming was at one 'o'clock, when Mr Chambers is always 'out upon his buſineſs, which, Madam, 'you know was vaſtly lucky, becauſe in 'his abſence I could yet more freely talk 'to Sir William, who begged me not to 'tell my huſband any thing for the pre-'ſent, about what he truſted me with 'concerning my couſin.

'After

'After ſome little time going on in 'this manner, he one day deſired me to 'ſend her an invitation of coming to 'my houſe in order to ſpend two or 'three months; which invitation I ſent, 'and Miſs Randall moſt readily accepted 'it: Indeed I don't at all wonder at 'that, for ſhe came to town to enjoy the 'company of Sir William, who, I un-'derſtand, has a ſiſter in the country ſo 'proud, ſhe would never conſent to his 'marrying my couſin; and this was the 'reaſon why the amour could not be car-'ried on there.

'In the letter I wrote to Miſs Ran-'dall, giving her the invitation, I told 'her that I knew the whole affair, and 'deſired her not to ſtand ſo much in her 'own light as to refuſe coming to Lon-'don, ſince Sir William was ſo very 'anxious about it. And, Madam, ſince 'her being with me, ſhe has owned, that 'the getting me to direct the letters, was 'a thing agreed upon before he left the 'hall; for that he could not direct them 'himſelf, for fear of giving his ſiſter ſome

'ſuſpicion;

'ſuſpicion; and that they had made 'choice of me to do them that good office, 'becauſe that when the letters came, ſhe 'might with a ſafe conſcience ſay, they 'came from her couſin Chambers; and 'again, I might poſſibly, you know, 'have wrote to her upon my own ac-'count, which would have ſtrengthened 'the other.

'This, Madam, and what I told you 'yeſterday, is all I know of the affair; 'but my huſband does not know my 'couſin and Sir William contrived this 'town meeting; he imputes her coming 'up, as does alſo my couſin Randall 'himſelf, entirely to a thought of mine, 'therefore, Madam, I dare ſay you are a 'lady of ſuch great honour, and ſo much 'Miſs Randall's friend, as not to mention 'to any body what I have told you in 'confidence.' She ended, and I replied:

I have, Mrs Chambers, I can aſſure you, a very high regard for Miſs Randall, and from the bottom of my heart wiſh her well; for which reaſon I think the knowledge of this affair had better be

be confined to the boſoms of *us*, her faithful friends. Come, Madam, let us reſolve not to ſpeak of it to any body. It is hard to know people, and if we will give ourſelves the liberty of mentioning it to many, in all probability it may at length come to the ears of thoſe who ought on no account to be informed of it.

You judge quite right, Madam, anſwered ſhe, and I will, I can aſſure you, be very cautious; you ſay well, for indeed in affairs of this nature the fewer people one truſts the better.

And I hope, Conſtantia, the good woman will be cautious for the future, and not truſt all people as ſhe has done me; for I ſhould be very ſorry to have my brother and Miſs Randall become the common talk of the town, as muſt have been the caſe had Mrs Chambers gone on making a great number of confidants; but I hope I have ſtopt her. Poor woman, I can't help enjoying the fright ſhe will be in when ſhe comes to find out I am Sir William Harrington's ſiſter; and this

this ſhe moſt certainly will do in a few days, for I ſhall go with my brother, I have promiſed ſo to do, and drink tea with Miſs at Mrs Chambers's houſe. This, I think, if any thing can, will ſtop her, and make her very cautious who ſhe talks to again, leſt ſhe ſhould meet with another of the proud ſiſters, ſo much againſt the match. Oh, Conſtantia! what a deep-laid plot was here! this wicked brother of ours, what an accompliſhed intriguer! Poor Letitia, thou art in a ſad way indeed; thou wilt I fear run blindfold to thy ruin! My brother, he to be ſuch a wretch! Oh, Conſtantia! what a wicked, very wicked world we live in, ſays your greatly ſurprized and equally diſtreſſed

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

The Right Honourable the Earl of W. to Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON.

C. Park, Dec. 16th.

MY ſon, Sir William, being by chance thrown in the way of your amiable ſiſter Conſtantia, has conceived ſo great an affection for her, as to get me to make the following propoſals in his behalf.

In the firſt place, our family eſtate is a clear 12,000l. a year; ſix of which I always intended to give my boy on his marrying, in caſe the match was with my conſent and approbation, which it will be entirely if he marries Miſs Harrington, of whom by report I hear ſuch an extraordinary fine character.

Whatever her fortune is, I will make her an anſwerable ſettlement to it; but I can't myſelf (as I never quit C. Park) be preſent; therefore you muſt excuſe it, and

and my ſon ſhall wait upon you in London, at what time ſoever you pleaſe to fix, inveſted with full power from me, to ſettle the affair according to your ſatisfaction and his own, mean while I remain

Yours,

W.

P. S. My ſon has juſt brought me a letter for Miſs Harrington, which he deſires me to encloſe, requeſting it as a favour that you will ſend it to your ſiſter with one from yourſelf; thinking, as he ſays, that if you ſo apparently honour his ſuit with your approbation, ſhe will be the more eaſily induced to favour it.

LETTER XXXII.

Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON to Miſs CONSTANTIA.

Groſvenor-ſquare, Dec. 19th.

IT has ever been my wiſh to ſee my dear ſiſters well diſpoſed of in marriage; and now, Conſtantia, this wiſh is likely

likely to be compleated with regard to you.

Julia has this morning, at my requeſt, read me parts of ſome letters you ſent her during the time Lord C. was with you at the hall, and joins with me in opinion that he is far from being diſagreeable to you; and for my part I will own to you, that when I firſt heard of his being there, I could not help wiſhing he might, during his ſtay, receive a deeper wound than that you cured in his arm. He is a man of an unexceptionable character; and I have but one reaſon to object to his alliance, which is, his being ſo very bright a ſtar, that your brother muſt ceaſe to ſhine at all whenever he is preſent.

Indeed, Conſtantia, I think he ſeems formed for you, and you for him; yet I will not pretend to adviſe you in an affair of ſuch high importance as that of an event on which muſt depend your happineſs or miſery for life. In the determination, my dear ſiſter, let your own

judgment direct you, who are more capable than myſelf of acting right.

I ſend you encloſed the Earl's letter to me, which will ſpeak for itſelf, and alſo one from Lord C. of both which I beg to know your opinion as ſoon as poſſible, that I may make a report of it to the family.

Yours affectionately,

W. HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXXIII.

Miſs CONSTANTIA to Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON.

Harrington-Hall, Dec. 22d.

LAST night, my dear brother, your letter reached my hands, and the kind anxiety you expreſs for my happineſs, greatly engages my acknowledgment and affection.

Well did Lord C. judge, in thinking that the approbation of my brother would have

have great weight with me; it has, and pleads more ſtrongly in his behalf, than all the fine arguments he makes uſe of in his own letter to me.

But you are cruel, Sir William, you ſay you won't adviſe me; indeed you ſhould, for I never wanted the advice of true friends more than at this inſtant. I would act right, but really don't know how to do ſo. It is a caſe of great nicety; I would not, if I could help it, appear too haſty, nor fooliſhly protract more than is needful, to keep up that proper decorum, from which, in my opinion, our ſex ſhould never deviate.

Yet, ſurely to a brother I may ſpeak my mind? I will do ſo; and freely own that I incline to favour Lord C. He gained in a high manner my eſteem while he was at the hall; and now he ſues for my love, aided as he is by the approbation of my brother, why ſhould I heſitate declaring to that brother, that my inclinations are diſpoſed to follow his?

Lord C. in his letter begs my permiſſion to wait upon me; but that I think I ought not to grant, unleſs you will countenance his viſit with your preſence. However, not only in this ſtep, but in all others relating to the preſent affair, I leave it to you in what manner to act for

Your affectionate

C. HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXXIV.

Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON to Miſs CONSTANTIA.

Groſvenor-ſquare, Dec. 26th.

THE ſame day's poſt which brings this to you, my dear ſiſter, conveys letters from me to the Earl of W. and his worthy ſon. I tell the former that I have had a letter from you, in anſwer to one I ſent, begging to know your ſentiments, in which you indicate no

no diſinclination to the addreſſes of Lord C. and that I hope in time, through his application, and my intereſt (which I promiſe to uſe in his behalf) you will be brought to favour all our wiſhes; for I aſſure him mine are very ſtrongly for an alliance with his family. I offer Lord C. to attend him to the hall, if he will firſt give me a meeting in London, where we will ſettle all neceſſary preliminaries, and then ſet out directly.

Therefore, my dear Conſtantia, I conclude it won't be long before you ſee us, for doubtleſs his Lordſhip will fly upon the wings of love.

Adieu. Yours,

W. HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXXV.

Miſs JULIA to Miſs HARRINGTON.

New Bond-Street, Jan. 5th.

IN order to make this letter quite acceptable, I ſhould have got a certain young nobleman of my acquaintance to

have brought it in his pocket, ſince his touch, and the pretty manner in which he would have delivered it, could not fail of adding a freſh beauty to each line. But then I was hindered from doing this; for, on ſecond thoughts, it appeared no unlikely matter that you might think a ſiſter's letter rather an impertinent interruption to ſomething more agreeable, when in the preſence of your lover; ſo on this account I gave it my brother, charging him with the delivery of it.

I am quite in love with Lord C. and I can't help wiſhing—but hold! down vanity, down! Nay, ſhould I ſuffer thee to riſe to thy higheſt altitude, can it be poſſible thou ſhouldſt be able to carry me through ſo bold an undertaking as that of ſetting myſelf in competition with my ſiſter? No, no; had his Lordſhip ſeen me firſt (that was what I was going to ſay I wiſhed) and had my airs and outward graces a little attracted his notice, on being acquainted with your real merit and intrinſic worth, a man of his judgment

judgment would ſoon have known which of the two he ought to prefer.

Lord S. now, he is the proper kind of man for me, ſince he has not, I bleſs my ſtars, more ſenſe—no, ſiſter, nor more prudence than myſelf—and yet I don't think he is a fool neither, I can tell you. Very pretty this; is it not? an handſome compliment for him and myſelf too.

In a few days time I ſhould like prodigiouſly to be transformed into a little bird, and then I would fly down into Hampſhire, where ſitting cloſe and unobſerved in one corner of a room in Sir William Harrington's houſe, I might be witneſs to a moſt extraordinary courtſhip—for ſuch I conclude muſt be that of ſo extraordinary a gentleman to ſuch an extraordinary lady. No flippancies, no follies, as between Lord S. and me. All ſenſe! fine reaſoning, and—I can't tell what. But I ſhould like to have a peep at you, Conſtantia, that I ſhould.

Lord

Lord C. came to London as ſoon as it was poſſible after the receipt of my brother's letter, and paid his reſpects to him in Groſvenor-ſquare the morning after his arrival. In the afternoon Sir William brought him to drink tea with my aunt and me; and ever ſince, when we are by ourſelves, the good lady and I do nothing but diſpute about who ſhall praiſe and admire him moſt. Miſs Randall has really a good hand at deſcription: I thought, at firſt when I read it, I can tell you though, that ſhe muſt have flattered him; but now, ſince my perſonal acquaintance, I find ſhe did him only ſtrict juſtice. For his equal, for fine perſon, fine ſenſe, fine manners, and fine character (which he has from the mouths of all who know him) I never met with before: Therefore, ſiſter, make much of him (as I am ſure you ought) for he is a *none-ſuch* I can aſſure you.

My brother, before his arrival in town, expreſſed ſome fears to me that his Lordſhip might think your fortune rather too ſmall; But, ſaid he, that ſhall not break off

off the match if I can help it. I have money excluſive of my eſtate, and paying all your fortunes, left entirely at my diſpoſal by our late dear father; of this money, ſhould it be neceſſary, I will preſent Conſtantia with ſome thouſands; for can I any way better diſpoſe of my father's bounty, than by applying part of it to render one of his daughter's happy? and happy, I think, Conſtantia cannot fail of being, with ſuch a man as Lord C.

Generous and affectionate this intention of Sir William's! Was it not? Oh, what a pity it is that ſo good an heart as his is by nature, ſhould be choaked up in the ruinous ſoil of inordinate love of pleaſure! Libertiniſm, I ſhould ſay; which vile clog weighs down virtue, forbidding it to ſhoot forth its lovely branches, as it would do, but for this obſtruction, conferring benefit upon all who knew him.

But in no kind of nobleneſs or virtue is it poſſible to out-do Lord C. for on our brother hinting to him ſomething to the

the purpoſe I have written, he generouſly refuſed all offers of that kind, ſaying,

Sir William, you diſtreſs me: Can you imagine me to be of that low, that ſordid nature, as in an affair of this high importance, to be influenced by money? yet don't miſtake me, I am far from wholly deſpiſing it; on the contrary, I eſteem it as one of the greateſt bleſſings of Providence, when properly applied; for which reaſon I would never ſquander it away unreaſonably. But poſſeſſing, as I do myſelf, ſuch an ample ſhare of it, why ſhould I be covetous for more? I am not, I aſſure you, Sir; and you may believe me in the following declaration, That had your ſiſter only as many hundreds as ſhe has thouſands, ſuch as ſhe is in herſelf, ſo deſerving a lady, I ſhould eſteem the favour of her hand the greateſt happineſs this life could give me.

They afterwards talked of ſettlements, jointure, &c. Your 10,000l. Conſtantia, is to be ſettled upon younger children, and your jointure 2000l. a year. My brother,

brother, it ſeems, aſked but one, and Lord C. of his own accord added the other. You act by your ſiſter, Sir William, ſaid he, as I hope you will not by the lady you ſhall happen to marry, or elſe your notions, with regard to caſes of this kind, are very different from mine. I think, provided a man dies, he ſhould (if his fortune will admit of it) leave his wife ſufficient to keep up the ſame ſtate as a widow, which ſhe had lived in during his life-time. Now this a woman could not poſſibly do with one thouſand who had been uſed to ſhare ſix (perhaps twelve): For which reaſon, I ſhall deſire to ſettle upon Miſs Harrington two thouſand, in caſe ſhe outlives me; ſince ſhe could not appear properly as my widow under ſuch an annual income.

Conſtantia, pray, dear girl, make this charming man my brother as ſoon as poſſible, that I may, without impropriety, beſtow upon him thoſe affectionate careſſes my expanding heart now longs to give him. Upon my life, I think

think if ſuch a man as this had addreſſed me, I ſhould ſoon, very ſoon have ſurrendered, and taken no ſort of pleaſure in teazing him.

He ſets out for the hall with my brother to-morrow morning, and I wiſh you all much happineſs together. Dear ſiſter, if you are not *too* much engaged, do ſend me ſome accounts from time to time of your proceedings, for you may be certain I ſhall long to hear: Nor can you wonder at a curioſity you muſt allow to be reaſonable—and if ſo, pray gratify it.

I have had a letter within this week from Cordelia, who ſays ſhe wrote by the ſame poſt to you—I conclude too, gave you much the ſame account of her preſent ſituation ſhe has to me; and, Conſtantia, what do you think of it? Does it not appear pretty plainly, that the noble Colonel has taken that little citadel her heart? You know I love dearly to dive into people's characters and concerns, ſo I have been making enquiry into his, and all turns out well.

The

The man has a charming character: At preſent indeed he poſſeſſes but a ſcanty portion of dame fortune's favour, but certainly he will have a large acquiſition very ſoon from that old uncle Delia ſpeaks of in her firſt letter from Bath, who, I hear, is in ſo bad a ſtate of health, he can't poſſibly live long.

Well, I think then, all three of us ſiſters are in a fair way to be diſpoſed of; for I dare ſay Lord S. and I ſhall agree one day or other, for all we diſpute ſo violently now. After this, of the whole family, there remains only my brother; and his heart—yes, yes—his *heart*, I believe, is diſpoſed of; but his d—l—ſh pride! that ſticks with him, and becauſe he will not ſacrifice that pride, what a vile action may he not commit! A *proud* man, ſiſter, in my opinion, can't be a *noble* man, for what in their natures can be more different than nobleneſs and pride? Nobleneſs chuſes for its guide humility, which leads to virtue, and delights in acts of generoſity. Pride, led by arrogance, unawares falls into the

paths of meanneſs, which teaches it to commit the baſeſt actions, under the colour of ſupporting rank and dignity.

I fear our brother's ſpirit, ſo much admired by many, is actuated not by nobleneſs, but pride; if he was noble, would he not do, as Lord C. declared he would have done, had there been occaſion? Not wanting a fortune, marry the woman he loves, who, though without one, is no way his inferior in real merit, but much the contrary, only happening to be born in a more humble ſtation. Yet ſuch I fear is the pride of Sir William, that he would, rather than do what in his miſled opinion might hurt that pride, deſtroy the virtue of a woman wholly unblameable in her conduct till ſhe knew him, and whoſe only fault is loving him too well. Alas, poor girl! I fear ſhe does indeed love him *too* well, unleſs he returned her love in a better manner; but I hope if he has any bad deſigns, ſhe'll ſee through them in time, and then nobly ſubduing her ill-placed affection, deſpiſe him and his arts together.

ther. Mercy on me! before I'd ever trouble my head, or grieve for the loſs of a man who could in ſuch a manner ſeek my debaſement!—I am quite in a rage at the thoughts of it—A parcel of ſorry wretches! I have no patience with them. Now if I was at my harpſicord, I'd ſing away—

Sigh no more ladies, men were deceivers ever, &c.

But relating to the affair between Letitia and my brother, nothing new, or in the leaſt remarkable has come to my knowledge ſince I wrote laſt. I ſuppoſe your concerns have of late engroſſed ſo much of Sir William's time and thoughts, as not to allow him to ſcheme much for himſelf, therefore of courſe, there muſt be ſome little ceſſation in the other treaty.

Poor Miſs Randall! ſhe ſeems to be ſadly concerned at his being to leave her—She can't, ſo ſtrong is her love, though ſhe uſes, I make no doubt, her utmoſt endeavours, hide her concern: But for my part I rejoice at what afflicts

her, being certain while he is abſent from her ſhe is ſafe, which when he is not, God knows how it may be.

Mine is a very bad ſituation between them—She is my *friend*, and the man whom I ſuſpect of ill deſigns, my *brother*; what can I do? I would caution and tell her my ſuſpicions; but as it is, I dare not—Such is my brother's violence of temper, that ſhould I interfere in the affair, and happen to wrong him, he never would forgive me, and yet I am ſometimes tempted to hazard it. My heart bleeds for the girl, ſince I imagine I daily ſee ruin hang over her head, juſt ready to break and overwhelm her. But pray heaven I may be miſtaken! Would, however, ſhe had not come to London, or that the time ſhe came for was expired, and ſhe ſafe at her father's houſe again. I am troubled beyond meaſure. Oh, brother, brother! how you diſturb my peace! and yet can I think you a monſter capable of ruining ſuch a woman! bearing, as you do, the name of

HARRINGTON.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Miſs CONSTANTIA to Miſs JULIA HARRINGTON.

Harrington-Hall, Dec. 10.

HIS Lordſhip and my brother arrived here on the 6th at night, when the latter gave me your epiſtle. Charming girl! what ſpirits have you! How they break out, though you are ever ſo much diſtreſſed! Whatever be the ſubject, you are yourſelf in the diſcuſſing of it, quite lively! May that ſweet vivacity ever be your companion; and may you never know thoſe ſtrange depreſſions of mind, thoſe anxious hours, which now are ſpent by your ſiſter. Dear Julia! ſurely your Conſtantia is a fooliſh creature! Such proſpects before her! Proſpects her fondeſt wiſhes would not have changed, and yet there hangs about her a ſtrange kind of—I can't tell what to call it, an uneaſineſs, a tender

anxiety, which occaſions unſpeakable flutters. My heart ſeems to be in a continual agitation, even to a pain; yet ſtill that very pain is rather pleaſing; for I do not deſire to diveſt myſelf of it, though it has ſeemingly turned all my faculties into thought.

And thought, on ſuch occaſions, indiſputably ſhould be allowed its utmoſt ſcope; for after the event is over, what then will thought avail? Beforehand therefore is the time to uſe it, when every circumſtance, each article, ſhould well be weighed in the unerring ſcales of reaſon. Oh, my ſiſter! what a change am I about to make! What a new ſcene of life engage in! It makes me tremble. The duties of a wife how numerous! The humours of moſt men how variable! Yet to theſe men we at the ſacred altar vow obedience, and our obedience is not limited; it has no bounds; their *worſe* as well as *better* are to be complied with. How hard this taſk to one like me, who never knew controul! Bleſt till the age of ſixteen with one of the tendereſt of mothers,

mothers, and when deprived of her indulgent care, how did our late dear father ſtrive to repair the loſs we had ſuſtained, by racking his invention how to pleaſe and make his children happy!

How ſhort is my acquaintance with Lord C. and ſhould he only wear the ſpecious covering of good nature—Should he in the end throw off the maſk, appear the tyrant, and uſe me hardly—Oh, my Julia! how could thy ſiſter bear it! She loves him, truely loves him, and cruel treatment from thoſe we love is inſupportable.

✕ ✕

Twelve at night.

I broke off this afternoon, ſtartled by an unuſual rapping at the door of my dreſſing room where I was writing. Who is there, called out I? Lord C. anſwered —Dear Miſs Harrington, do not in this manner deprive us of your company: Either admit me to your preſence here, or

or elſe do me the favour to walk down into the parlour.

Excuſe me, my Lord, for one hour, replied I; I am writing to my ſiſter Julia; I beg you would let me finiſh the letter.

Writing to Julia! ſaid another voice, and bounce open went the door, which I had not locked, little I muſt own, ſuſpecting ſuch intruſion. I'll be more careful for the future however; for before I was aware, in came Lord C. and my brother, who laid his hand upon the paper I was writing, before I had time to get it away.

Here, my Lord, cry'd he, in an air of triumph, holding up the letter—Here is a treaſure for you! Women always write their hearts' full deſign to their confidants; and though pretty Miſs this morning could not bear we ſhould talk to her upon the ſubject of fixing her wedding day—it was ſo precipitating—her acquaintance with you of ſo ſhort a date, indeed at preſent ſhe could not think of it, therefore begged to change the diſcourſe, &c. And yet for all this

—mere

—mere female artifice all of it—I dare ſay ſhe can write upon the ſhocking theme, even to the filling of more than an whole ſheet of paper. But here we ſhall ſee, caſting his eyes upon the beginning of the letter—Come, Lord C. be all attention, and he was going to read.

I ſpread my hands over as much of the writing as they would cover, ſaying, Dear brother, what have I done to merit ſuch treatment? Ought the ſecrets of one ſiſter to another to be pry'd into; or the retirement of a woman to be ſo ungenteely broken in upon? Indeed you do not uſe me well—Pray, Sir William, give me back the paper.

Is there, Conſtantia, any thing in it you greatly wiſh Lord C. and I ſhould not have the inſpection of?

Certainly, reply'd I, nor can it be ſurpriſing if there is—Conſider to whom I was writing. Don't you know that Julia ever honoured me with the title of her monitor? In conſequence of which, I always take upon me to cenſure whatever

ever parts of her conduct I think amiſs. But then I would not have others even ſuſpect ſhe is guilty of thoſe failings, which my tender regard for her makes me, perhaps, only imagine I eſpy; therefore of courſe would not, upon any account, have the letters I write to her on theſe ſubjects, inſpected by any one but ourſelves.

Well, returned Sir William, I'll offer you quite fairly; if you'll declare upon your ſincerity, that the letter here in my hand, relates entirely to Julia's concerns and not your own, you ſhall have it back unread.

It does, brother, relate to Julia's concerns—for—for—and I was ſo fluttered I ſcarcely knew what to anſwer. Oh, how could Sir William be ſo cruel! He left me no way to eſcape the evil I dreaded, but by telling a falſhood, which I doubt I ſhould have told, if I could cleverly have formed one; but taken as I was ſo unexpectedly, all invention quite forſook me. Ah, Julia! at this inſtant I wanted a little of your ſpirit; you would

would not have behaved in the fooliſh manner I did; you would have got off better I make no doubt, and not have kept ſtammering out your for---for--- without being able to tell for what.

My brother, after having a little while enjoyed my confuſion, ſaid---Well, Miſs Harrington, and what are we to expect beyond that ſtumbling-block *for*, which you don't ſeem well to know how to get over? If you can't jump ſtraight, go on one ſide of it: Pray make an end of the little artful race you have begun.

You are very provoking, Sir William, anſwered I, (by this time a little re-aſſured) but ſince you will know, I muſt tell you, that Julia and her humble ſervant have ſometimes little differences, which I endeavour to make up. Now, Sir, does this relate to me or her? I fancy while I ſaid theſe words I looked rather ſimple, for my brother reply'd---Ah, Conſtantia! never attempt to ſpeak an untruth again, child, for you do it with ſo ill a grace, that a mere novice might detect you.

I told you no untruth, brother. I--- Fie, fie, interrupted he, gently tapping me upon the ſhoulder, I am quite aſhamed --- You, Miſs Harrington, who have been remarkable for your candour and veracity; that you ſhould tell a fib! Oh, naughty girl! laughing and tapping me again. Lord C. don't ſhe deſerve to be puniſhed? Does ſhe merit any mercy at our hands? None ſhall ſhe find, for now I will read the letter, I am determined.

He then took both my hands, which I had ſpread over the paper, between one of his, and holding them faſt, begun--- "His Lordſhip"---There, Lord C. you are named in the very firſt word; this looks well; we ſhall find out a great many good honeſt truths before we come to the end, I'll warrant you. Well, what is next? But come, I'll begin now and go quite through; for if I criticiſe thus upon every little pretty expreſſion, I never ſhall have done.

"His Lordſhip and my brother——"

Brother, interrupted I, burſting into tears---You have no tenderneſs; if you had,

had, you could not uſe me ſo. But you ſhall not---Let go my hands---I won't be held. I ſtruggled violently, and got one hand looſe, with which I attempted to catch hold of the letter; but he was too quick for me, and extending his long arm to the utmoſt, put it quite out of my reach, ſaying---Why don't you take it, my dear?

What monſtrous uſage, ſiſter, was it not? Have brothers a right to inſult us? I can hardly forgive him yet; and at the time never had been ſo angry with any one before in my whole life.

His Lordſhip, who had all this while been ſilent, now approached my brother, ſaying, That letter, Sir William, ſeems by the beginning of it to relate to me. Now it ever was my inclination to deſire as much as poſſible to keep my concerns private; pleaſe therefore---and he took hold of Sir William's arm, endeavouring to get at the letter.

Hold, my Lord! hold, cried my brother; how do you know the letter don't relate to me as well as yourſelf? for am

not I mentioned at the beginning? Lord C. did not regard him; but after a little ſtruggle between them, drew the paper out of his hand.

Now did my eyes as narrowly watch his Lordſhip, as they had before done Sir William: And no tender mother, whoſe beloved child in a ſurgeon's hand was about to undergo ſome very painful operation, ever viewed it with a more careful eye than I did my poor letter, in order to ſee what uſe Lord C. would make of the power he now had over me. Generouſly did he uſe it; for coming to me, and bending one knee to the ground---

Receive, Madam, ſaid he, the captive I have ſet at liberty: More of your mind than you chooſe to let me know voluntarily, I never will ſeek to learn. I ſcorn compulſion of any kind, and would not uſe it, though by ſo doing I might poſſibly gain the knowledge of ſome great happineſs. My happineſs, Madam, is entirely within your power; but I will not ſeek, by any means, to wreſt it from you,

you, rather chooſing by my own behaviour firſt to endeavour to deſerve the bleſſing, before I even aſk it of you. Yet as generoſity has ever been the principal mover of all your actions, and the leaſt benefit conferred by others, with you was never known to loſe its due weight---Do not, dear Miſs Harrington, be cruel only to me. Do not keep me in ſuſpence longer than is neceſſary. I urge you not to an immediate determination upon that ſubject we talked of this morning; only beg, that when you have made one in my favour, you will generouſly let me know it, and make me thereby one of the happieſt of men.

During this ſpeech of his Lordſhip's I had taken the letter and locked it up in my cabinet, after which Sir William, looking upon Lord C. ſaid:

Thou ſimpleton, to give power out of thy own hand, and truſt it in that of a woman! Now do I hope ſhe won't let you know your fate this month, for parting as you have with what would have obliged her to have fixed it before

you quitted this cloſet. I had no intentions to read the letter myſelf; my deſign in taking it was to put little Madam here in a great fright at the thoughts of my doing it. Upon which I concluded ſhe would have been glad to come into a compromiſe with me, and, to ſave her ſecrets, give up the parade women on theſe occaſions are ſo apt to make uſe of. In other words, I thought ſhe would, for the ſake of getting back her letter, have fixed her day.

His Lordſhip's generoſity, brother, replied I, has, I aſſure you, gained more in his favour, than all your compulſive treatment would have done, had you perſiſted in it ever ſo ſtrongly. I am, I will own it, by nature meek, but I can't bear to be ill uſed, and when I am ſo can properly reſent the injury.

Pſhaw! anſwered he, reſent! of what ſervice would your reſentment have been to you---at one of theſe points we ſhould have had you---Either, Madam, fix your day, or we'll read your letter, where perhaps you have done it—Yes, yes, my pretty

pretty dear—chucking me under the chin (was ever any thing ſo teazing!) I make no doubt but our converſation made ſome impreſſion upon you, and that you made ſome determination in conſequence of it, though you would not declare as much to us. But then the affair being of ſuch importance, to be ſure, if entirely confined within your own breaſt, you muſt have burſt with it; therefore you flew to your cloſet, ſnatched up a pen, and by writing your mind to Julia, eaſed it of part of its burthen. Aye, aye, Miſs, if you had refuſed to do it, your letter, I queſtion not, would have ſpoke for you.

And ſuppoſe it had, Sir William, anſwered I; and granting that I had declared my ſentiments to my ſiſter, telling her the day, you in ſo precipitating a manner urge me to fix, what, let me aſk you, would that have availed either his Lordſhip or you? Conſider, what I mention in confidence to Julia, is making no ſort of promiſe to another perſon; nor

could either of you thereby receive the leaſt benefit.

Could you, after ſuch detection, anſwered he, have had the confidence to have gone on with your parade? Could you — Pray, Sir William, interrupted Lord C. no more upon this ſubject, I beg you; I can't bear to ſee my angel diſtreſſed in ſuch a manner. Then, to change the diſcourſe---Miſs Harrington, ſaid he, that picture which hangs over the chimney is a well drawn piece, and very like you.

'Tis generally eſteemed ſo, replied I, and of my ſiſter Cordelia's drawing, Sir. Really, ſaid he, ſhe has a fine taſte and manner---Why the performance, for ſo young a lady, is quite ſurpriſing!

Oh, my Lord, cry'd Sir William, my ſiſters are all of them extraordinary creatures; they have the ſciences of Apollo and the Muſes amongſt them---Cordelia paints, Julia ſings and plays---nay, ſometimes compoſes too; and Miſs Conſtantia---ſhe is a poeteſs---ſhe every now and then retires to the cloſet here, and mounting

mounting her Pegaſus, takes a little journey up to Parnaſſus.

Was there ever ſuch a brother as our brother, Julia? Surely this day he was determined to do all in his power to diſtreſs me! Now ſhall I doubtleſs be teazed by Lord C. to ſhew him ſome of my writings in the poetical way! What occaſion had Sir William, I wonder, to mention it.

He had no ſooner done ſo, than his Lordſhip, looking upon me with great meaning in his eyes, was going, I dare ſay, to aſk for a ſight of ſome juſt then, but very fortunately for me, at this inſtant Miſs Charlotte Randall (who is ſtill with me) entered the dreſſing room, ſaying---Mr Gibſon and his three ſiſters are juſt alighted at the gate from their coach; ſo the diſcourſe broke off, and we all went down in order to receive the company. It is now near two in the morning, ſo I won't at preſent write any more, but let alone giving you an account of the converſation which paſſed during

during this viſit, till ſome other opportunity offers to

Your

CONSTANTIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXXVII.

Miſs HARRINGTON in Continuation.

Jan. 11.

I Know not how it is, but ſleep ſeems to have forſaken me. My imagination is ſo continually employed, as to leave no room for ſleep to enter; it was near three before I attempted to cloſe my eyes laſt night, and yet I roſe at ſix this morning, owing this reſtleſſneſs, perhaps, to the hurry of ſpirits my wicked brother put me in yeſterday; for indeed ſuch violent commotions are not inſtantly got over, at leaſt with me. But I will not begin upon the ſubject, which not being of a very agreeable nature in itſelf, reflections upon it can't poſſibly be ſo.

The

The viſit from the Gibſon family---This ſhall employ my pen, till I am called down to breakfaſt, to which we met, as uſual, at nine. Indeed Sir William regulates all his domeſtic actions by the rules ſet him by our late dear father; and the tenants and ſervants of the family have no reaſon to regret the change of maſters, any otherwiſe, than every one muſt the loſs of ſo good, ſo worthy---Oh, Julia! how my tears flow at this remembrance! The loſs, ſo recent! I muſt drop that ſubject—I can't write calmly upon it; for as yet my poignant grief when thus revived, breaks in upon me like a torrent, which for a while banked out, if it can break the bounds, receives new ſtrength from its confinement, and bears down all before it. Are not you on ſuch remembrance, affected thus? But I am cruel; why do I aſk the queſtion? It muſt pain you; why do I give my ſiſter pain?

Mr Gibſon and his three ſiſters---No, it won't do, I can't write about them. Airy converſations! they ſuit not my preſent

preſent turn of mind. Bleſs me! what can be the matter! What a ſtrange way am I in! What flutters at my heart! I thought I had better got over the loſs of my dear father than I find I have. I'll write no more at preſent, for ſo very dull myſelf, I am ſure my letters can't be any ſort of entertainment.

I will read till breakfaſt time, and by that means, if it be poſſible, draw my thoughts from off my own concerns, by attending to thoſe of other people. Here lies a Spectator; I can't have a better adviſer, I am ſure, or one more capable of teaching the art of governing the mind properly, and reducing paſſion, whether ariſing from grief or joy, within due limits.

Eleven in the morning.

His Lordſhip and my brother are rode out, ſo I have now for certain two hours, which I may ſecurely ſpend in writing. But I won't be too ſecure without good reaſon

reaſon neither: My yeſterday's fright will teach me caution, and I ſhall for the future lock my cloſet door, whenever I am writing upon ſubjects of a particular nature.

This, however, the firſt I ſhall touch upon this morning, can't be deemed, at leaſt not of the particular nature I don't care my brother ſhould inſpect; ſince he himſelf is one of the principal actors in the ſcene I am going to deſcribe.

When Lord C. Sir William, Miſs Charlotte, and myſelf, quitted my dreſſing room yeſterday, we proceeded to the great parlour, where we found Mr Gibſon and his ſiſters.

Theſe ladies, you know my dear, are fond of making their remarks upon all kinds of people, and doubtleſs came that afternoon on purpoſe to criticiſe upon the perſon and behaviour of Lord C. I am ſure neither the one or the other paſſed unnoticed; for with the utmoſt attention, during all the time they ſtayed, they (in my opinion not altogether ſo civilly) regarded both.

Now

Now do I long to be acquainted with the obſervations of each lady upon the occaſion, which curioſity, I believe is quite natural to our ſex in general; though individuals of it very often ſuffer by gratifying that curioſity; hearing, perhaps, diſagreeable truths from the lips of others, which their own blind partiality in favour of the beloved object makes them incapable, or at leaſt, unwilling to diſcover.

Miſs Gibſon enquired after you and Cordelia—And pray, Madam, ſaid ſhe, with a kind of ſneer, too habitual to her countenance—Has not Miſs Cordelia got a *Lord* in *her* train yet?

No, anſwered my brother for me---Delia is of a meek humble diſpoſition, Miſs Gibſon; ſhe never was aſpiring after very high matters, or deſirous of emulating her elder ſiſter. A Baronet, with a good eſtate, contents her.

And no very great ſign of humility neither, reply'd Miſs Sukey Gibſon; for ſay what you will about titles, family, and ſuch ſort of nonſenſe---all mere baubles

fit

fit to catch fools---there being in none of them any real, any ſubſtantial good---'Tis money, a fine eſtate—yes, yes, that's the life of the trade.

How very commendable in you, Miſs, returned Sir William, to praiſe the origin from which you ſo lately ſprung! Yes, Madam, money is certainly the life of trade, and trade the life, that is the production of money—For that money ſprings from trade, you can teſtify; ſince in trade your late good father, within our memory, got money ſufficient to purchaſe that eſtate, your brother now enjoys.

Rather ſevere, this of our brother, was it not, Julia!—But then Miſs Gibſon deſerved it, for Sir William is too polite (except now and then to his ſiſters; you ſee I can't forget the cloſet affair) to have ſhocked the lady by thus bluntly recurring to her original. Neither does he deſpiſe trade, he has too much ſenſe; and on the contrary, I have often heard him ſay—

That even thoſe who fill with honeſt induſtry the lower branches of that reſpectable tree, he looks upon as far more uſeful and valuable members of the commonwealth, than the perſons who live entirely at eaſe on fine eſtates, like drones; revelling on the fruits of the painful labour of a ſet of worthy creatures, who prepare for their uſe all the neceſſaries and conveniencies of life.

But his retort ſilenced not only Miſs Sukey, but both the other ladies, I ſuppoſe, leſt they ſhould meet with the ſame; for they never once, during the afternoon, touched upon what is ſaid to be a favourite topic with them—deſpiſing of ancient family, &c. Now this in them, conſidering their very great want of it, is certainly a very fooliſh kind of behaviour, ſince it often renders them liable to mortifications upon that ſcore, which they otherwiſe never would meet with—From their equals in that particular they could not fear it, nor from ſuperiors neither, if they would act with prudence in the new ſphere of life they are engaged

gaged in, ſince from gentlemen, *real gentlemen*, one doubtleſs would expect to meet with politeneſs; and it is moſt certainly one of the higheſt infringements upon the rules of that politeneſs, to reproach ſuch as behave well in the ſtation they then fill, let their original have been how mean ſoever, with that original; it being a thing they could not poſſibly help, the order of nature, and not of their own choice.

In my opinion, it is equally ridiculous in thoſe who are derived from ancient family, to boaſt of it, and for the very ſame reaſon; ſince that as well as the other is the effect of chance. But all which I can ſay upon this ſubject, will not be ſo much to the purpoſe as two ſpeeches in the Conſcious Lovers; but I ſhall quote them from memory, being too lazy to riſe for the book.

What I mean is in a dialogue between Sir John Bevil and Mr Sealand upon the above ſubject. 'Mr Sealand tells Sir 'John, he is ſurpriſed to find, that a man 'like him, who has ſo many better ad-

'vantages to boaſt, ſhould rely ſo much 'upon mere family.'—He had been joking upon this, if you remember, Julia, concerning his Duke Johns, &c.

When Sir John replies—'I never, Mr 'Sealand, knew any man deſpiſe family, 'unleſs he was conſcious of his own de-'ficiency in that reſpect.'

I don't, my dear ſiſter, give you theſe as the identical words of the play, I only endeavour at the purport; ſince they expreſs, better than I could have done, my ſentiments upon the preſent occaſion, of the Miſs Gibſon's deſpiſing family, and the reaſon why they do ſo.

All the time of their viſit after this, the ſubjects of converſation were quite general, and they were very civil. As to the brother, he is, you know, a truly inoffenſive being; he never launches out of his ſphere (one mark, at leaſt of his underſtanding.) He never aims at wit, but on all occaſions diſcovers a great deal of good-nature, ever ready to join in a laugh when a ſmart thing is ſaid by any one, but particularly his ſiſters, who ſeem

to

to have taught him to pay an high regard to their wit, which I doubt not was exerciſed, after their return home, abundantly to our diſadvantage, and the entertainment of the good 'Squire; for I dare ſay their reflections upon us all were very plentifully beſtowed.

But now, ſiſter, I muſt aſk your advice about the manner you think I ought to act in by Lord C. Don't you think in that cloſet affair, he uſed me rather ill! At laſt, moſt indiſputably, he behaved quite well; but then was he not highly blameable, for ſuffering me as he did, to be teazed ſo long? Therefore, for this offence, ought I not to puniſh him, by not fixing the day at a long time to come? Oh, Julia, this fixing the day, of ſuch importance to the happineſs of all my future moments! how tremendous does it appear in the eye of

Your

CONSTANTIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON to Miſs RANDALL.

Harrington-Hall, Jan. 12.

I Hope my deareſt girl received my laſt, giving her an account of my arrival at this place, though ſhe has not yet been ſo kind as to ſend me one line in anſwer. But ſee, Letitia! what power you have over me! No ſlight of yours can alter my affection, or make me leſs aſſiduous in uſing my utmoſt endeavours to ſhew it. And as converſing with you is one of the higheſt pleaſures I enjoy, I ſtrive to ſupply the loſs which I ſuſtain by cruel abſence, by making my pen continually employ itſelf in your ſervice, when it moſt faithfully explains the dictates of my heart; an heart entirely yours.

But, charming creature! how many more marks of love, next to adoration, wilt

wilt thou expect from me, before I am to receive an aſſurance of being beloved again? Think, oh think, my ſweet angel, what I muſt conſequently ſuffer in my preſent ſituation! Abſent from you, and hourly before my eyes an happy man (ſuch is Lord C.) near the attainment of his utmoſt wiſhes—His pleaſure but augments my pain—a pain at preſent ſcarcely tolerable.

I daily preſs my ſiſter to complete her Lord's felicity, and fix the wedding-day, as then ſhe would take a journey to London, paying a viſit to her aunt Montague, and I, my deareſt girl, once more be bleſt with thy ſociety. I ſcarcely live now I am from you. You alone employ my thoughts. Ah, Letitia! does my abſence give you pain? Can you now reliſh the lively pleaſures of the town? Does your boſom ever heave a gentle tender ſigh for me? Could I but be aſſured of this, ſome part of the uneaſineſs which now afflicts me would be abated. Give me then, lovely creature, this kind aſſurance! Intruſt a letter to the

the care of Mr Renholds, who will enclose it to me, with the same fidelity he delivers this to you.

The heart containing a lock of your hair, and engraved with the cyphers of your name, with what pleasure do I contemplate! No miser ever viewed his bags of gold with greater rapture! Yet like a miser I am not contented, but would augment the store—I want your picture, for that would yield me a more substantial joy. Your picture I certainly will have whenever we meet again; and will my dearest girl vouchsafe to receive mine? Do, Letitia, let us exchange our hearts ourselves this way, and every other; for, oh my charmer! till you are wholly mine I shan't, I can't be happy.

How many reasons have I to wish my sister married? For when she has left the hall, one of our greatest bars (I hope to *mutual* pleasure) will be removed. Then I will wholly reside here; and you, returning to your father's, what frequent opportunities shall we have of being together! Delightful prospect! how I enjoy

joy it! And as to what you once urged with regard to your ſiſter Charlotte, I can now remove all fears upon her account: She will prove no obſtacle to our deſigns, ſince my friend, Mr Renholds, has promiſed to be my companion in this pleaſing expedition; he will try to engage Miſs Charlotte's affections, and I make no queſtion but ſhe ſoon will his; for how will he poſſibly be able to withſtand the charms of ſuch an accompliſhed woman?

Oh, Letitia! what an happy double connection ſhall we then form! How will our days roll on in one continued round of pleaſure, when we ſhall meet—

To part no more, but circling years employ,
In endleſs bliſs and never-fading joy!

Tell me, tell me, deareſt girl, you wiſh with me the time was come for putting it in execution.

I am doing all in my power to forward the ſcheme. In the firſt place, I endeavour to ingratiate myſelf, as much as poſſible,

poſſible, into the favour of your father: He ſeems pleaſed with my company, ſo I hope will ſuffer me to be a conſtant viſitant at his houſe. And, my dear girl, as you know every bar to pleaſure ought as much as lies in our power to be guarded againſt, you muſt forgive me, if I make uſe of ſome little deceit, in order to promote our mutual ſcheme of happineſs.

You are a woman of ſtrong ſenſe and clear judgment, and therefore muſt plainly ſee, it would not be adviſeable, by any means, for us to form a ſacred union, till I have cleared my eſtate of thoſe debts, which I have owned to you I contracted without my father's knowledge, during his life-time—A ſecret, my ſweet love, I entruſted with you, from whom I wiſh no ſecret to be hid; but which, upon my honour, is unknown to all the world beſides, except the man I owe the money to—He is a Jew, who let me have the whole ſum in order to clear my debts; but for it, I have for ſome time,

and

and ſtill continue to pay him, extravagant intereſt.

I have moſt certainly been a ſad fellow, but now I ſee my folly in a proper light; and beſides, I now have an eſtate ſufficient to ſupport me, if I relinquiſh (as I here religiouſly promiſe to do) all love for gaming. And likewiſe to make yearly ſome proviſion to ſink the debt of 10,000l. thereby contracted; which when cleared, I ſhall have nothing to concern myſelf about, but to compleat my happineſs, which can only be done by your ſharing it with me; for to paſs my days with you, is what my ſoul moſt earneſtly longs for.

But, dear girl, you know I muſt not let your father come to the knowledge of this affair; and yet it is abſolutely neceſſary, ſome how or other, to amuſe him; ſince he would doubtleſs, if we were to be frequently together, enquire into our motives and deſigns. In this reſpect, how cruelly are we circumſtanced? We muſt not, cannot own the real truth; and therefore to make him eaſy,

and

and remove all ſuſpicions, I have, ſince this time of my being in Hampſhire, given him under the ſeal of ſtrong ſecrecy and friendſhip, the following account of myſelf; charging him never to mention it to any of my family, no, not even to his own daughters.

'That ſince my being in London I 'am become acquainted with a lady of 'great merit, who I have reaſon to 'think, returns the ardent paſſion I often 'breathe forth to her. But ſhe being 'under age, and her guardian (ſhe is an 'orphan) having a deſign of marrying 'her to his ſon, I am prevented from 'publicly owning the affair, as his con-'ſent, I may be pretty certain, never 'would be gained in my favour, ſince 'by ſuffering her union with any man 'but his ſon, her fortune of 30,000l. 'would be loſt to his family.—That it is 'three years before ſhe will be of age, ſo 'I can't, before that time, hope to be 'happy.'

No

No deceit is this part of the ſtory, Letitia, ſince in leſs than three years I can't poſſibly diſcharge the curſed debt.

'But my paſſion being ſtrong enough 'to ſurmount far greater obſtacles than 'this, I am determined to wait with 'patience, provided I can be aſſured of 'the lady's concurring reſolution.'

The deſign has ſucceeded according to my wiſhes; for though I am prodigiouſly gallant with your ſiſter Charlotte, (as I own at all times I endeavour as much as poſſible to be, on purpoſe to try him) he does not ſeem in the leaſt alarmed at it; but on the contrary, once whiſpered in my ear—

What, Sir William! you are practiſing, I ſee, in order to keep your hand in againſt you ſee your Amelia—(the feigned name I have given my ſuppoſed miſtreſs.)

Then with your ſiſter I am not altogether idle. I am inceſſantly ſpeaking to her in praiſe of Mr Renholds—Tell her how much he admires her character, and longs to be acquainted with her;

inſomuch that I believe ſhe will ſee him with great impreſſions in his favour, as I am ſure he will her; for when laſt in town, I ſpared no pains, to prepoſſeſs him with an high regard for her.

And I have done a thing at which ſhe would ſeem to appear diſpleaſed; but in reality I am ſure is not ſo—For, pardon me, Letitia, making this obſervation—Vanity is the inhabitant of the breaſts of moſt women; and even a Charlotte Randall does not appear to be without her ſhare.

Yeſterday I was at your father's houſe, and had the honour of being admitted into that cloſet, where you and your ſiſter uſually, I am told, ſit and read, work, &c. Over the chimney there hung ſeveral little miniature pictures; and I muſt own, I carefully examined them, in hopes of finding there the portrait of my angel: But I was diſappointed; it had been there your father told me, but was at that time taken down in order to have the glaſs of it mended.

Plaguy

Plaguy unlucky this, ſaid I. Why ſo, Sir William? I'll tell you, Mr Randall—You muſt know I am endeavouring to make a collection of beauties; ſo whenever I meet with faces in miniature (for ſuch are the kind I ſeek for) like thoſe of your daughters, ſo very beautiful (he was pleaſed with this, I can aſſure you; for his countenance brightened upon it, although he ſaid, No compliments, Sir William, I beg you; my girls are very well, but not beauties) I always ſteal them. Therefore, Sir, don't take it amiſs—I muſt rob you of your little Charlotte; and let Miſs Randall take care of herſelf, for if ſhe takes to her old poſt while I remain in Hants, I moſt indiſputably ſhall put her into my pocket too. I took down Miſs Charlotte's picture.

Surely you are in joke, Sir William, ſaid your father. No, upon honour, Sir; quite ſerious, I can aſſure you. But I ſuppoſe this piece is of my ſiſter Delia's drawing, ſo you may eaſily repair the loſs, by letting Miſs Charlotte take a trip

to Bath, where ſhe may ſit again; and ſhe, I dare ſay, will have no ſort of objection to the ſcheme. Pretty angel! kiſſing the picture.

No, no, girls are fond of gadding. You are, Sir William, the moſt general gallant man I ever met with; and really, for all your profeſſions, I can't help thinking, that it is your Amelia's *fortune*, and not her *perſon* which binds you. A general admirer can't fix to one.

Oh, Mr Randall! you muſt be ſenſible of the difference between mere acts of gallantry, and real affection. And truly, the caſe is very hard, if a man becauſe he is engaged, or indeed married to one woman, may not take a pleaſure in looking at the reſt of the charming ſex. When Mrs Randall was living, Sir, did you take no ſort of joy in looking at other pretty women?

I did not ſteal; I did not kiſs their pictures, Sir William—Nor their perſons, Mr Randall! Did you never do that? Come, own now; even when married, did

did it not give you a ſenſible pleaſure, to touch the lips of a fine woman?

You are a wag, Sir William—And you, Mr Randall, condemned; you can't deny the fact; a fact, I am ſure, much worſe than ſtealing a picture to add to a collection—Beſides, conſider, I am not married, Sir.

Thus by the help of banter did I get off, and carried off Miſs Charlotte's picture in triumph.

When I got to the hall, I found her walking in the garden with Lord C. and my ſiſter; but calling her aſide—Here, Charlotte, ſaid I, what a treaſure I have got!

My picture, as I hope to live! ſaid ſhe. Lord, Sir William, where did you get it? What do you intend to do with it? To wear it at my heart. Thus (putting it there) ſhall it be ever fixed—affectedly ſighing while I did ſo.

Phoo! cry'd ſhe, you are a mere joker. Why, Charlotte, taking her hand, in the preſent caſe I really am, and I ſhould hate myſelf if I was capable of

deceiving a girl of your merit. I ſtole the picture out of your dreſſing room, which your father has been ſhewing me this morning; and told him I did ſo, in order to add one more to a collection of beauties I am making. But to you I'll own the whole truth—be ſo kind to walk this way; never mind my ſiſter, ſhe'll not be diſpleaſed at your leaving her alone with her lover.

We took down a private alley; and there, my dear Letitia, I owned to your ſiſter my affection for you—Said, I hoped in time you would favour my ſuit, but that at preſent you was rather cruel---Begged her though, as ſhe regarded us both, not to diſcloſe a ſingle word of what I told her, to any one, no, not even to you; ſince I was not at preſent certain of your affection, and therefore greatly feared offending you.

But, dear Charlotte, continued I, acquainted as I am with your ſiſter's perſon, as well as merit, it is not in the leaſt ſurpriſing I ſhould be enſlaved. My friend Renholds---his is the ſtrangeſt caſe!

caſe! he ſighs for you, although he never ſaw you; he dotes upon your character; and, I am certain, only wants a ſight of your perſon to complete the conqueſt.

For my part, having ſo high a friendſhip for him, I rejoice at his being thus captivated; it will confirm us more brothers in affection than ever. This picture I am determined to ſend him; it will give him ſome idea of your perſon; it will make him happy; and to do this, was the reaſon of my ſtealing it, though Miſs, you will hear another ſtory from your papa.

Nonſenſe, cry'd ſhe---Why ſurely, Sir William, you don't really intend to ſend the picture? I really do, Madam. Then you are very fooliſh, Sir, that is all I can ſay to the matter; and away ſhe walked ---not in her heart diſpleaſed, I am very ſure, though ſhe would have had me thought her ſo.

You ſee, my dear Letitia, when a man loves with that warmth of affection I do, what he will attempt to gain the end of all

all his wiſhes! My lovely girl! when I can once call you mine, how rapturouſly ſhall I be rewarded for all my ſufferings, my anxieties, in this painful abſence! Endeavour, my angel, to make it as light as poſſible, by writing frequently the real ſentiments of your heart, to him, who with the trueſt ſincerity, now ſubſcribes himſelf

Yours, with the moſt unalterable,
and boundleſs affection,
W. HARRINGTON.

LETTER XXXIX.

From the ſame to the Honourable JOHN RENHOLDS.

Harrington-Hall, Jan. 12.

INcloſed with this, dear Jack, you'll find a letter to my Letitia, which I beg you to deliver inſtantly upon the receipt of it, into her own hand; and if you can perſuade her to read it in your preſence,

preſence, do, ſince you may then watch her countenance upon the occaſion; and thereby, I hope, diſcover ſome tokens of love and tenderneſs for me.

I ſend the letter to you unſealed, in order to ſave myſelf trouble; ſince you may read that, as well as a copy, and having there *my* whole ſcheme before you, tell me, when you write, how you approve of it. And *your* ſcheme too, Jack---Don't you think you ſhall be very happy? Don't I provide well for you?--- Since I don't deceive you in the leaſt; for the picture which comes with this letter, is really the portrait of Charlotte, and I think ſcarcely does her juſtice.

But are you not ſurpriſed at ſo large a debt's coming out ſo unexpectedly againſt me? I ſhould, Jack, I can aſſure you, if it was real. Be eaſy, my good friend, however, and applaud the ſtory, formed to amuſe the daughter as that of Amelia was for the father.

And, Jack, doſt hear, man? thou muſt be in love with ſome Phillis, or Chloe, or other, before you come down to the hall

hall in order to reſide there. Some ſuch ſtory as this, I think, it won't be amiſs to coin about you; for if the old man believes we have left our hearts behind us in London, he won't be afraid of truſting his daughters with us; for what danger can he fear from a couple of *heart-leſs* men?

But upon no account, I charge you, tell Lord S. a ſingle word of my deſign; for what the devil is come to the man I can't imagine. He is quite altered from what he was a few months ago; he is grown ſo ſober as not to reliſh any ſcheme of gallantry that is not what he calls---*truly honourable*. Well, well, let him pleaſe himſelf, and he won't offend me, ſince I don't want more of his aſſiſtance, I thank my ſtars, at preſent, than a lodging at his houſe for about two months more, as in that time I think, Madam Conſtantia will be married, and ſettled in an habitation of her own: For urged to marry every hour, as I will urge her, and aided in it too by Lord C. I think ſhe can't long hold out.---Then,

Jack,

Jack, down to Harrington-Hall you and I will ſally, where bleſſed with the dear women of our hearts, we ſhall not envy kings.

And yet I own at times my conſcience rather checks me. Letitia is a worthy good girl; and ſuch worth is it not cruel to deſtroy? But, Madam Conſcience, pray be quiet, I ſhall not deſtroy her worth; I'll ſettle handſomely upon her; I'll love her to the end of my days; and if I do marry any other woman it ſhall only be upon the ſcore of intereſt, and the ſake of an heir to my eſtate. The woman who brings me money ſhall enjoy my title; but Letitia, who brings me joys unſpeakable in the poſſeſſion of her dear ſelf, ſhall ever enjoy my tendereſt affection.

I am quite impatient to be in town, for I have a ſcheme of ſoon becoming maſter of my wiſhes, which I hope the dear girl will come into, as I think ſhe can't poſſibly ſee through it; if ſhe could, I muſt at preſent have no hopes, for ſhe is, I make no queſtion, truly virtuous, therefore muſt be taken by a ſurprize; for

for a premeditated yielding is, I am pretty certain, what I never ſhall be able to bring her to.

You'll ſeal the encloſed, Jack, give it to Letitia, let me hear from you ſoon; and I charge you obtain a letter from the dear girl at the ſame time, to thy

W. HARRINGTON.

LETTER XL.

Miſs RANDALL to Sir W. HARRINGTON.

London, Jan. 18.

INdeed, Sir William, you are quite unreaſonable—for but too many marks of fondneſs have I beſtowed upon you already: Why do you then deſire more, unleſs you ſee (as I fear you too well muſt) the power you have over me, and are determined to triumph in my weakneſs?

Am I uneaſy in your abſence? Can you with any juſtice aſk that queſtion? Don't

Don't you remember how we parted on the evening before your ſetting out? when my tears---Oh, folly! how did I let my love appear! But then, Sir William, to create that love, and make it ſhew itſelf, what fond endearments did you uſe! Yet ſtill you aſk for proofs of love! What farther proofs have I to give, within the bounds of virtue? thoſe of prudence already I have exceeded; for in ſome moments, when your ſoft perſuaſive tongue has almoſt charmed away my ſenſes, you have allowed yourſelf freedoms prudence ſhould tremble at: For though in themſelves not criminal, yet when the bad tendency they may have over the mind is properly conſidered, I fear if diſcretion was to be our judge, ſhe who granted them could not eſcape her cenſure. Therefore, when I have gone too far already, why do you aſk for more? Why diſtreſs me in this cruel manner? Dear Sir William, if you know your power, uſe it not unjuſtly; extort not marks of fondneſs from a woman, which, if ſhe gives you, on cool

reflection, you yourſelf muſt cenſure her for granting.

In us, a modeſt reſerve is what you men admire: Can you then really love me, and yet ſeek to deſtroy, what if I poſſeſs, will render me more worthy of your love? Your love I cannot, muſt not doubt, for ſuch a thought would kill me, and---But ſtop, too forward pen! tranſcribe not on this ſpotleſs paper the dictates of an heart too ready to ſpeak its ſentiments; thou haſt already ſatisfied Sir William's doubts—if doubts he had: Quit then the ſubject, doating maid—expoſe thyſelf no farther.

As to the plan which you have formed for our frequent meetings in the country, I think it muſt ſucceed; but, Sir William, I have many fears on the occaſion—Mr Renholds is to men, perhaps, a worthy man; but with regard to women, his principles are ſaid to be rather diſſolute. Should he act a baſe part—ſhould my poor ſiſter fall a ſacrifice to art! I the occaſion of her fall! what unſpeakable tortures ſhould I ſuffer! after

ſuch

ſuch an event, not even *you* could make me happy! Conſider therefore, dear Sir William! pray conſider well, before it is too late, how you ſhould act in this affair; and unleſs Mr Renholds will ſolemnly declare that his intentions by my ſiſter are truly honourable, do not let him be acquainted with her more than he is at preſent. Let us not, to purchaſe happineſs ourſelves, involve a poor innocent creature in endleſs ruin! Nay, do not let us even hazard it.

The deception you have put upon my father I really can't approve; I hate deceit; and yet in our unhappy circumſtances what can be done? Oh, gaming! thou bane of many families! but I'll be ſilent on that ſubject, ſince I know it hurts you, and you have promiſed ſolemnly never to be guilty of it again.

I have been at no kind of public diverſion ſince you left London; but ſpend my time pretty much in reading. Miſs Harrington has been twice to viſit me, and I her as many times, at all which Lord S. was preſent, and I think every

day gains ground upon the Lady; yet I dare ſay this is a truth which ſhe herſelf upon no account would own.—See how diſcreetly *ſhe* acts on this occaſion? ſhe fully proves my Lord's affection, before ſhe gives him the leaſt opportunity of diſcovering hers. Not like *me*——But indeed I am not like her in any thing; ſhe is every way my ſuperior. But then, to be ſure, her high ſtation in life gives her many fine advantages I cannot boaſt, for a woman in her ſtation, may exert a power not allowable in mine, ſince men will ever pay their homage to birth and fortune! Yet prudence in every ſituation we ſhould pay a due regard to; we ought not, on any occaſion to deviate from her rules; and the leſs a woman has to boaſt of perſonal advantages, or thoſe of fortune, the more ſhould ſhe endeavour to adorn herſelf with prudence and diſcretion. This is advice I can give to others, although perhaps I may not well have followed it myſelf, in permitting you ſo very early to diſcover the true affection which is borne you, by

LETITIA RANDALL.

LETTER XLI.

The Hon. JOHN RENHOLDS to Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON.

Surry-ſtreet, Jan. 18.

I Carefully read over, and then ſealed your letter to Miſs Randall, after which, I went myſelf to the Strand, and delivered it to her, according to your directions.

Yes, yes, boy, ſhe loves thee, ſet that down for a truth, as I can aſſure thee thou mayeſt. In her ſweet eyes what a new brightneſs appeared when ſhe received the epiſtle! One of us fellows now, upon ſuch an occaſion, ſhould have eagerly kiſſed ſuch a dear token of affection from a miſtreſs; and ſhe would have acted in the ſame manner, I make no doubt of it, had ſhe been alone. This ſhe was, very fortunately, when I entered the room, ſo that being a fit opportunity, I gave her the letter immedi-

ately. She was going to put it in her pocket unread, out of compliment to my preſence, but I prevented her, ſaying, By no means, Madam, let me hinder your reading your letter — I take my leave inſtantly. No, Mr Renholds, no ſaid ſhe, pray don't go ſo ſoon. The converſation of a friend, Madam, anſwered I, can't be held in competition with a letter from a lover — Indeed I won't ſuffer you to put it in your pocket till you have read it, that is carrying your complaiſance too far. Come, we may both be employed: I'll look over this news-paper, taking up one which lay upon the table. You are very obliging, Sir, ſaid ſhe; and then,

With trembling hand ſhe broke the truſty ſeal,
Hoping important ſecrets 't would reveal!
The well-known character ſalutes her eye,
Her tender boſom heaves a gentle ſigh!
Her lovely cheek with freſh vermilion glows;
A ſmile of approbation ſhe beſtows
On every line, where lively ſtands confeſt,
The ardent love which fills her Damon's breaſt.

I think, Sir William, I have quoted your own lines upon you in manner quite a propos; nor can I give you a better deſcription of Miſs Randall's behaviour, while ſhe read your epiſtle, than is in them ſet forth.

When ſhe had gone through the letter, ſhe carefully put it into her pocket; and though I aſked her ſeveral queſtions of a very artful nature, which I imagined would have led her unawares into making ſome little diſcovery of her ſentiments upon the occaſion, the little jade parried all my ſtrokes with the dexterity of an experienced fencer. I wonder where women get all their art! do they come quite honeſtly by it, think you? I could get nothing out of her, regarding her thoughts, either of you or myſelf; ſo, finding ſhe was my match, I let her alone, and fell into a general converſation.

Yet, though ſhe was a match for my artifice, I don't think ſhe will for thine! What an head haſt thou for intrigue! ſurely the art was born with thee, or elſe thou

thou never coulſt have been, at thy early time of life, ſo great a proficient! Thou art indeed fit for the leader of ſuch a pack of brave fellows as Tom, Bob, and I; as to Charles, he is a mere poltroon: But more about him anon. Yes, I think Letitia never can eſcape the glorious plan of miſchief thou haſt formed; plot upon plot, yet all hanging ſo well together, that I may ſay, in the words of Damon in the Chaplet,

The Devil's in her if all this won't do.

Faith, Will, I am abſolutely in love with Charlotte; her picture ſpeaks her to be an angel! how I want to ſee the real identical woman! I love ſubſtantials, you know, airy diet ſuits not my conſtitution; can't you contrive to bring her up to London when you come? Yes ſurely ſhe may with Miſs Harrington. If ſhe can't conveniently be at Mrs Montague's, ſhe may ſtill more conveniently for me, be at her couſin Chambers's, with her ſiſter. You muſt, you ſhall, bring

bring about this affair, or elſe I ſhall moſt curſedly repent refuſing an offer I have done, in conſequence of the hopes I have conceived of its ſucceeding.

A friend of mine (not yours, no one belonging to the junto) came to me this morning; Jack, ſays he, have you a mind to a fine woman? Upon what conditions, replied I? The kind you'll like, I am pretty poſitive, returned he. Take all the particulars:

About three months ago, Lord P. brought up to London with him a tenant's daughter; a moſt charming girl, juſt ſixteen, tall, well made, a perfect paragon of beauty! He has kept her till now, but having commenced an intrigue with a woman of quality, begins to be rather tired of his Betſy, therefore would part with her to any man who could maintain her handſomely, he not caring to throw her upon the town.

For my part, I like the girl exceedingly, but caſh at preſent is too low to ſuffer me to think of taking her into keeping; and knowing that you were

at

at this time quite free from any engagement of this nature, I thought ſuch an offer would be agreeable to you. See, Jack, I think of my friends whenever I hear of any thing to their advantage!

I thanked honeſt Frank for his kind intention, and deſired an hour to conſider of the affair, upon which he left me, promiſing to call again in the afternoon, and then, if I determined to have the girl, he told me I ſhould have an immediate ſight of her, for that he would attend me that very evening to her lodgings. When he was gone I well conſidered the affair, and, after weighing juſtly every circumſtance, it appeared to me in the following light.

Kept by a Lord for theſe laſt three months, during which time ſhe moſt indiſputably has lived in great ſplendor! will ſhe not, from the taſte of extravagant living ſhe doubtleſs has contracted, expect a continuance of the ſame? My income is but ſmall, and I may purchaſe pleaſure cheaper. Then, again, my friend Sir William's propoſition ought to be conſidered:

conſidered: A man can ſeldom well manage two affairs of the ſame nature together. For if I engage with this woman, and happen to like her, how ſhall I be able to aſſiſt my friend? I ſhall, I fear, but ill ſucceed in gaining the affections of Charlotte, if my heart was left behind in town, with Betſy. No, no, I'll have no ſort of connection with Betſy I am determined; nor will I form any other ſcheme of gallantry but what my friend has planned for me. I'll live like an anchoret, till I ſee my lovely, my deſtined Charlotte; when my abſtemiouſneſs will heighten the ſplendor of her charms, and give double ardor to my wiſhes.

Now, Will, did I not make a noble ſacrifice to her and you? and don't I, think you, deſerve to be rewarded for ſuch an exemplary inſtance of that great virtue, *ſelf-denial?* How would Bob Loyd, Tom Craven, (as to Charles, as I ſaid before, he's a wretch) laugh at me, were they to come to the knowledge of the affair? They would tell me, that *a bird*

in

in the hand is worth two in the buſh—That *many things happen between the cup and the lip, &c.* But I diſregarded all that might be urged againſt me, and accordingly, when Frank called in the afternoon, told him, That I was entirely ſenſible of his kind intention, and greatly obliged to him for the offer he had made me, but could not, for ſome reaſons of a private nature, juſt then think of entering into an engagement of that kind. What, in chace of other game, ſaid he, are you? But is the prey hunted down? Is your *dear* ſecurely lodged yet, as this I have got for you is?

Don't aſk me any queſtions, good Frank, reply'd I; for ſo am I circumſtanced, I really can't reſolve them. He urged many arguments to convince me that I was a d---n'd ſilly fellow not to purſue both ſchemes, for that if one ſtring ſhould ſnap, I ſhould at leaſt be ſure of another (ſomething in that, Will.)

But I withſtood all his rhetorick. (Am I not a man of great reſolution and great conſtancy?) So he at length gave over his

his perſuaſions, and left me, in order, as I ſuppoſe, to confer his very *particular favour*, upon another very *particular friend*.

Now if Charles was not grown quite a booby, this is an affair that would entirely ſuit him; for I dare ſay, the goddeſs he adores will not reward him for his ſervices in many a long month to come. What a dreary proſpect! To enliven which, he might take Betſy; ſince for my part, I have no ſort of notion of a man's devoting himſelf ſoul and *body* to a woman, till ſhe vouchſafes to devote herſelf in the ſame manner to him. By the way, don't this prove that I ought to have followed Frank's advice? But the expence it would lead to —no, I won't think of it, nor will I hint it to Charles, for I am certain he would reject not only this offer, but any other of the ſame nature. In ſhort, ſuch an altered man as he is I never met with, nor could, but from the evidence of my own eyes and ears, have believed

ſuch a transformation poſſible to have been effected in ſo ſhort a time. Miſs Harrington—*His incomparable Julia* (as he calls her, when with an ardor, like devotion, he reverently mentions her name) has indeed with a vengeance bewitched him.

Now, Will, 'tis ſaid that a rake is a devil! Can witches conquer devils? Is not ſuch power, if really poſſeſſed by them, of new date? Yet ſuch power ſome of them moſt indiſputably are inveſted with; for Charles was a rake. I need not mention the conſequent title. Miſs Harrington is a woman—a pretty woman—her conſequent title you'll apply too, and ſhe has entirely ſubdued him.

But for that matter he ever was a ſort of coward, and for this reaſon Tom Craven, Bob Loyd, and I, rejoice that he initiated you into our fraternity before he abſolutely diſcovered himſelf to be one. You are far better qualified for our leader than he, ſince I don't think

he

he ever was right ſtaunch: He was often very apt to be frightened at ſhadows, and on many occaſions he had ſuffered his conſcience to riſe up, entirely deſtroying ſome favourite ſcheme.

Now he is therefore quite fit to be *married;* all ſuch poor half ſpirited devils are; 'tis all they are fit for; ſo let them be married we all unanimouſly vote, ſince he is not by any means fit to link in the ſame chain with ſuch choice ſpirits as Will, Tom, Bob and Jack. We four will defy the world to match us; and if ever we flinch in any undertaking, which tends to promote the happineſs of either of the ſet, may the guilty, ſay I, be caught in an intrigue, and then be forced to marry the woman, after her diſgrace is publicly known to the world.

All the junto preſent their duty to you, whom they now look upon as their leader, having been in ſuch a ſcandalous manner deſerted by their old general. And now, dear Will, hoping you'll ſoon come up to London, and bring Charlotte with

you; that being his higheſt wiſh at preſent, it ſhall conclude this long letter from thy

J. RENHOLDS.

P. S. My ſervant has juſt given me an epiſtle from Miſs Randall, which I incloſe.

LETTER XLII.

Miſs JULIA to Miſs HARRINGTON.

New Bond-Street, Jan. 19.

I AM ſo angry with my brother for his uſage of you, my dear, that had I the power of inflicting a puniſhment due to his crime, I ſhould be at a loſs what to fix upon, that would be adequate to his demerits.

Theſe men really imagine themſelves great people, and think they have a right to do juſt what they pleaſe; which air of conſequence they aſſume, whenever they

they have to do with ſuch good meek ſouls as you and my ſiſter Delia. But girls of my ſpirit they dare not attack in ſuch a manner; I wiſh he had ſerved me ſo, I would have been even with him, I'll warrant me. I would have given him ſome arch hint relating to his deſigns on Letitia; and then his ſuperior wiſdom might again have made as ſimple a figure, as it did once before, when I gave him my caſe of inſtruments to play with.

Poor Miſs Randall! unhappy for her, I fear, was that day when ſhe firſt became acquainted with him. You never, Conſtantia, ſaw ſuch an altered girl! She has no life or ſpirit in her now, her *dear* (her *devil* rather, altho' my brother) Sir William is abſent; finely in for it, truly is ſhe! Oh, how my heart aches for her, if his deſigns ſhould be baſe! Good, I think they can't be; for if he really meant to do, not perhaps what he, but I ſhould call honourable by her, he would not endeavour to conceal them as he does from the knowledge of his ſiſters.

Siſters who he well knows would diſregard every other conſideration but that of his happineſs, even though the woman in their opinion, wanted merit ſufficient to intitle her to an alliance with their family; which Miſs Randall does not; for a more deſerving girl I really never met with.

Can you tell, Conſtantia, if he correſponds with her during his abſence? (ſo tedious, I make no queſtion, to their lover-like fancies.) I ſuſpect it, but can find nothing out from her, though I have more than once winded her about upon the ſubject: However, it is of no great conſequence.

Let him write letters (curious things, I ſuppoſe, if one could but ſee them) if he will, for letters can do no very great harm; and while he keeps at a diſtance ſhe is ſafe, as—But I muſt break off, for Jenny ſays I am wanted below—a fine gentleman who will not ſend his name.

* *

Lord,

Lord, Conſtantia! and who do you think it was wanted to ſee me? Sir Harry Millar? Well, I thought he had entirely given over his folly, but was, it ſeems, miſtaken.

He had, on deſiring to ſpeak with me, been conducted into the dining room, where I found him alone, my aunt being in her own apartment, writing to her ſiſter Crawford; and at my approach he made me a moſt reverend bow, ſaying—

Buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence, Madam, draws me hither: You are a woman of ſenſe, Madam, and ſuch are ſaid never to be won upon by compliments to their perſons; elſe, Madam, on ſo delightful a theme as that of your beauty, I could declaim for hours; but, Madam, the mind is by all wiſe people held to be the nobleſt part of man, and conſequently of woman too. For I have read ſomewhere, that the ſoul, in other words the mind, is a ſpirit; now ſpirits are ſaid to be of no ſex, and therefore you ſee, Madam, that the mind of a man and a woman may be exactly the ſame.

Pray,

Pray, Sir, interrupted I, (no longer able to bear with his nonſenſical ſpeech, which there ſeemed no ſort of likelihood he would put an end to) what is all this to me? I thought you ſaid you came upon buſineſs?

Yes, Madam, very true, anſwered he, and buſineſs, I can aſſure you, of the higheſt conſequence, which I ſhould have come to in due place, but I love to obſerve form and order in all things; and that is a quality I am certain a lady of your ſuperlative fine ſenſe muſt approve me for. On your ſenſe, Madam, and your great diſcernment, I ground all my hopes, ſince the wiſe alone know how properly to reward merit. Be not blind then, angelic creature, (falling upon his knees) hear the petition of one who is in the utmoſt diſtreſs, and out of which, you, and only you, can relieve him.

Sir, replied I, my bounty is never denied to real objects of diſtreſs: 'Tis true, my fortune is not very large, but I endeavour to do all the good with it I can.

You

You are all goodneſs, all perfection, uttered he, with a ſeeming great rapture —Your fortune is as large as I wiſh it to be, ſince my eſtate is—

Mortgaged, I preſume Sir, for ten thouſand pounds, which ſum I ſuppoſe, ſaid I, you want me to lend you? But I am under age, ſo have no power; you ſhould have applied to my brother, Sir, he is truſtee for it.

Lend me the money, Madam! I hope you'll *give* it me; and he took hold of my hand—No, no, you miſtake me, I am no borrower.

How, Sir! counterfeiting great fright —you are not, I hope, one of thoſe vile impoſtors, who, under the ſpecious covering of a laced coat, gain entrance into people's houſes, in order to rob them? Pray let go my hand; I won't be held— Nay, (violently ſtruggling on his refuſing to quit it) if you don't unlooſe me, I vow I'll call for help. He then let go his hold; and, ſtepping back a few paces, ſtared in my face, great amazement appearing in his own. At length, after

ſome

ſome pauſe—Are you mad, Miſs? ſaid he; and happening at the ſame time to put his hand in his pocket for his handkerchief or ſnuff-box, I ſuppoſe, gave ample room for me to make another miſtake.

I ran to him; and, laying hold of his arm—Heaven! heaven defend me! cried I—Sir! good Sir! do not pull out a piſtol. I have an utter averſion to them, and ſhall certainly faint if you do.

Mad, ſtark mad by heaven! ſaid he. Why, Madam, when you are in theſe ſtrange fits, you really ought to have better care taken of you; and leſt you ſhould ſcratch people, I think it would be proper to tie your hands.

I put on a look both of fright and intreaty, ſaying, How! tie my hands! No, pray, Sir, don't; you need not, for indeed I'll make no reſiſtance. Here---(putting my hand into my pocket, and taking out my purſe, together with my watch, both which I offered him)---Take theſe, and if they won't content you, give me but leave to ſtep to my own room,

room, and I'll ſend you down immediately any ſum under fifty pound you ſhall demand. I can't let you have more at preſent, that being all the ready caſh I have by me.

Fifty pound, Madam! (ſtaring) fifty pound!

Indeed, Sir, 'tis (for I don't deceive you) all I have to give you; 'tis, as I told you, all I am miſtreſs of at preſent.

Give me fifty pound, Madam! What do you mean, ſaid he? I really don't underſtand you, Madam.

I wiſh I did not underſtand you, Sir, anſwered I. I wiſh I had not reaſon to fear that my life is in danger, and that you are---What, Madam? interrupted he haſtily.

A ſharper and a robber, anſwered I; that is what I take you for; pray heaven I may be miſtaken.

A ſharper! a robber! (putting his hand upon his ſword) Blood and Fire!

Frightful words, Conſtantia, were they not? And I took occaſion to be dreadfully frighted at hearing them; for holding

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ing up my hands in a ſupplicating poſture---Spare my life, cried I, in a piteous tone, and forgive me, if I have without deſign, affronted you.

No, Madam, not without deſign, I fancy, anſwered he, ſince Miſs Harrington ſeldom does things without deſign--- But ladies may ſay any thing. If a man had dared to call Sir Harry Millar by the names of ſharper and robber, he muſt have eat his words from off the point of my ſword, I can aſſure him.

Are you Sir Harry Millar's champion, Sir, ſaid I? His champion, Madam! Yes, returned I, but perhaps you don't underſtand that word, for ſo it appears to me by your repeating my queſtion inſtead of giving an anſwer to it. Therefore I'll make it quite plain to you---If any man affronts Sir Harry Millar, does he employ you to reſent the injury and fight for him?

Employ me to fight for him! what do you mean, Madam? You muſt know me for Sir Harry Millar himſelf, though you have

have been pleaſed to treat me in ſo ſcandalous a manner.

You Sir Harry Millar! cried I, ſtarting —Lord bleſs me! How have I been miſtaken? I beg your pardon, Sir; indeed I do.

Why, Madam, replied he, is it poſſible you ſhould not know me? Have you forgot the converſation we had together, about a month ago, at the play-houſe?

No, Sir, I have not forgot it—and (looking hard at him) I now recollect all your features perfectly. Forgive me, Sir Harry, the egregious miſtake I have been under all this while, in taking a man of your rank and conſequence (at theſe words he ſeemed to plume himſelf) for a robber. But now, own yourſelf, whether or not your aſking me for money might not very reaſonably lead me into ſuch a miſtake?

I aſk you for money, Madam! replied he again, a little diſcompoſed.

Yes, Sir. Did not you ſay you hoped I would give you my fortune?

And I hope ſo ſtill, I do aſſure you, anſwered he—yes, and your ſweet ſelf into the bargain, Madam. Faith I am glad we are come to a right explanation at laſt; in troth, at one time I began to be confoundedly puzzled, and could not, for the blood of me, tell what to make of you; one miſtake came ſo faſt upon the back of another, and all, it ſeems, through my own folly. Now, Madam, you muſt know I had a mind to put an agreeable ſurprize upon you; therefore would not ſend up my name by your ſervant, only bidding him ſay a gentleman wanted to ſpeak with you. What a world of buſtle has this occaſioned? And now the miſtake is once cleared up, leſt you ſhould make any others, I will take particular care to ſpeak plain.

I love you, Madam, with an immenſe affection. You are in poſſeſſion of every corner of my heart; and my fortune being ſuch as I think your brother cannot object to, I hope in a ſhort time to confer upon you the title of Lady Millar.

Sir,

Sir, replied I, I honour you for your plain dealing, and will follow the amiable rule which you have ſet me; acting myſelf in the ſame manner. I, therefore, at once tell you, that what you offer I never can accept.

Not, at firſt aſking, I do not expect you will, returned he; for it is not the way of you women to ſay yes at once. But Madam—I beg you will conſider of what I have ſaid to you; ſo for the preſent I will take my leave, but will wait upon you to-morrow about this time, in order to learn your determination concerning—Madam, your moſt profound admirer. As he uttered theſe words, he made a moſt profound obeiſance to me, and quitted the room.

Now, dear Conſtantia, do not ſcold me for acting in ſuch a ludicrous manner by the poor animal. For ſuch a fair occaſion how could I poſſibly withſtand, conſidering the odd kind of humour which is generally my companion? But I will promiſe you not to trifle with the creature any more; for when he comes

to-morrow morning, I will gravely, and genteely, give him an abſolute denial.

Surely, ſiſter, you will now very ſhortly come to London? Pray do not keep worthy Lord C. too long in ſuſpence, for I ſhall be very angry with you, if you do; and I moſt heartily now join with his intreaties and thoſe of my brother, that you will fix his happy day. Aunt Montague, alſo begs you will. Old women, my dear, love to preſide at a wedding, you know, and ſhe is determined to do ſo at yours. She ſays ſhe will never forgive you, if you do not keep it at her houſe. But I need not trouble myſelf to tell you what ſhe ſays, ſince ſhe will write to you herſelf by to-night's poſt. She wanted me to incloſe the letter, but I told her it would not be in my power, my own of itſelf would be ſuch a great quantity; ſo ſhe has got a frank of Lord S. which anſwers her purpoſe full as well.

Lord bleſs me, though! what a buſtle we ſhall quickly be in? Such a fuſs about wedding-cloaths—ſuch doings. I

love

love all kind of hurry and racket, ſo wiſh they were begun. Pray dear girl now, ſince all theſe affairs are entirely in your power, do not poſtpone them upon any unreaſonable fooliſh punctilios, but as ſoon as poſſible make Lord C. and all your relations happy.

And now for one thing by the bye. Lord S. has told me (but in high confidence ſaid he did ſo) that Mr Renholds is in love with Miſs Charlotte Randall by character, and that he wants prodigiouſly to ſee her. This, however, Lord S. ſaid, he learnt by chance, not being truſted with it by Renholds—ſo much the worſe, for ſuch kind of men when they have bad deſigns are always very careful whom they truſt. And it ſeems Lord S. is not held in that very high eſteem among the pack he uſed to be---ſo much the better---I am ſure I like him the better for it. But to return to the hint he gave me, I think it ought not to be ſlighted, for we can't tell but there may be a ſcheme on foot, to draw in poor Charlotte as well as her ſiſter, there-

fore---(but pray don't ſay I ever mentioned any thing of this kind to you, for fear of bringing Lord S. into a ſcrape about it) if a journey to London ſhould juſt at this ſeaſon be propoſed for Charlotte, my dear Conſtantia! endeavour all you can to prevent it, moſt ſincerely adviſes your truly affectionate

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XLIII.

Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON to the Hon. JOHN RENHOLDS.

Harrington-Hall, Jan. 22.

WELL my dear friend, at laſt the day is fixed for my coming to London. Conſtantia is fairly beat out of all her play, and has appointed the time for making Lord C. (to uſe his own phraſe) *completely happy*. But what is to render him ſo? Matrimony—much good may't do him, ſay I, I don't envy him his

his feaſt, for though I am very fond of ortolans, I ſhould not chooſe to dine upon them every day. He is in high raptures at the thoughts of being ſhackled, as high in all appearance as I ſhould be, if as near poſſeſſing my dear Letitia upon my own free terms, with the mutual inclination of the charming girl! But the grave wiſe folks tell us, Jack, that in this life we are not to expect any kind of happineſs quite complete; ſo I muſt not expect that Letitia will yield to my wiſhes without reluctance, without ſome fooliſh ſtruggles when it comes to the point, which will in ſome meaſure rather mar the bliſs. For as a poet juſtly obſerves

Beauty by conſtraint poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the bleſſing!

But ſome way or other I muſt, I will, obtain her. I never before, Jack, in all my life was ſo taken in by a little gipſy! I think of nothing elſe but her all day; I dream of nothing elſe all night, and in thoſe dreams my lovely girl is pictured

ſo

ſo tranſportingly kind, that on my waking I exclaim with our modern Sapho,

If ſleeping I can thus be bleſt,
Let life be all a dream.

Oh, Jack! I never felt the tedioufneſs of abſence till now; but I thank my ſtars, it is almoſt at an end; a few days more will bring me to London, and the preſence (would I could ſay to the arms) of my beloved girl! yet arrived at that higheſt pinnacle of bliſs I ſhortly hope to be, ſince the ſcheme I have laid for that purpoſe I think can't fail me; if it does, I'll never plot again.

I have, I can tell you, had a deviliſh hard taſk with my ſiſter, to make her conſent to be married ſo ſoon. But being determined to carry that point, upon which an event ſo very material to my happineſs depended, I never ceaſed urging her, and have at laſt got the day. Therefore, Jack, I would not have thee write to me any more while I ſtay here, for fear I ſhould happen to be ſet out before

before the letters reach the place, and then they may chance to fall into hands which might perhaps occaſion ſad diſcoveries.

Encloſed you find another letter for the queen of my affections, which I ſend unſealed as the former, that you may read it, and ſee how highly you are obliged to me, for ſtaking my honour for your good behaviour as I have done.

No good news for you, poor Jack! Charlotte can't poſſibly come to London; her father (confound him) has got a fit of the gout which confines him to the houſe, and ſo truly his daughter muſt ſtay and nurſe him. My wiſe ſiſter gives it as her opinion, that ſhe ought to do ſo; and ſuch an oracle is *Miſs Harrington* with the Randall family, that they always adhere to whatever ſhe pronounces. Therefore, my friend, in the country muſt your Charlotte ſtay. But don't let "thy noble courage be caſt down." Comfort thyſelf with the certainty thou haſt of ſoon being with her in Hampſhire. And then!—I ſay no more.

I have wrote to Lord S. informing him of the time of my ſetting out for London, for this common civility obliged me to, ſince I intend to make his houſe my home, during the time of my ſtay there. But I mention not a word of our private concerns to him, for that were juſt the ſame thing as telling them to my ſiſter Julia. A man, Jack, that can once bring himſelf to have ſo high an opinion of woman's perſonal merit (money out of the queſtion) as to determine to marry her, thinking his happineſs depends upon being tied to her for life, will, in conſequence of that very high opinion, think her fit to be truſted, not only with his own concerns, but even thoſe of his friends alſo.

Lovers muſt ſome how or other employ their time, and thoſe who addreſs upon the formal matrimonial plan, after they have worn out the theme of paſſion, compliment, &c.—not daring to fill up the vacant ſpace, by making uſe of thoſe pretty initiatory triflings you and I practiſe with women; it being our maxim,

maxim, to arrive at bliſs by any accidental road we may by a lucky chance happen to fall into; theirs to follow the beaten track; from purſuing of which, it being ſo very tedious, their ſpirits are apt to flag; and they not caring to appear ſtupid in the eyes of their miſtreſſes, proceed to entertain them with a recital of paſt events. Here the ſecrets of their deareſt friends are offered up, by way of incenſe, at the ſhrine of the goddeſs they adore. Now Charles is at length become one of theſe doating fools—ſo, Jack, let us not truſt him with any of our ſecrets; for our reputations are too tender to be handled by women.

But pen begone—I'll write no more at preſent, being ſo ſhortly to ſee my friend, and pray take care that Tom and Bob hold themſelves in readineſs to ſpend a jovial evening with us at the King's-Arms. My love to all of them; take care to ſeal and deliver to my angel the incloſed.—Thine affectionately,

W. HARRINGTON.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

From the ſame to Miſs RANDALL.

Harrington-Hall, Jan. 22.

HOW many times have I read over my dear girl's letter? It is in her abſence the only pleaſure I can taſte! Oh! Letitia! if you knew what I ſuffered, how would you pity me? I know your nature to be tender, ſoft, compaſſionate, yet noble! and noble minds are ever ſorry for the ills which they occaſion. Thoſe ills my charmer can, and *only* ſhe can, cure, by returning my love and rewarding my paſſion!

I hope ſhe does return my love! her letter is a kind one: But deareſt girl! call me not unreaſonable in deſiring proofs of love, in ſtill deſiring them. Is it ſufficient to allay the burning thirſt of a fever, to tell the afflicted perſon he has drank, and therefore does not need another draught? Ah, Letitia! the fever of my

my paſſion is not abated, but increaſed by thoſe aſſurances you give me; and the malady thus gaining ground, can I, ought I to be blamed, if I apply to the only perſon who can relieve me?

Do not, charming creature, be fearful of truſting with an unlimited confidence, the man you are very certain loves you more than himſelf. Give him the tranſporting knowledge, of being really beloved again. If it is true that paſſion fills your breaſt, do you, can you, doubt my love? Can you think that I will ever quit you in order to form any other connection? If my Letitia can harbour ſuch injurious thoughts of me, if ſuch thoughts can poſſibly gain the leaſt ground on her belief, I am indeed, and ought to be in her opinion, quite unworthy of her love, ſince with juſtice ſhe might deſpiſe a man who could have even the moſt diſtant thoughts of abandoning her, and whoſe heart, though once engaged, ſhould be of ſo fickle a diſpoſition as to be capable of change, after being fully acquainted with her boundleſs merit.

Yes, my lovely! my in all reſpects incomparable Letitia! It is your merit which is the ſtrongeſt hold over me; your perſon, without all diſpute, is charming, but the graces of your mind as far excel it, as thoſe of your perſon exceed the common run of women.

I remember part of a ſong which ſpeaks my ſentiments upon this head exactly:

For ever methinks I with wonder could trace,
The nameleſs ſoft charms which embelliſh thy face!
Each moment I view thee new beauties I find,
With thy face I am charm'd, but enſlav'd by thy mind.
Untainted by folly! unſully'd by pride!
There native good humour and virtue reſide—
Pray heaven that virtue thy ſoul may ſupply
With compaſſion for him who without thee muſt die.

With what unſpeakable delight do I ever liſten to your converſation? And your power of tranſporting me in this particular,

particular, will every day increaſe; ſince you are ſo continually laying in a new fund of knowledge, by the cloſe application you make to the reading of ſuch authors as have wrote for the benefit and inſtruction of mankind.

Now after having been informed upon what kind of baſis my love is founded, can you ſcruple truſting me? Can my deareſt girl be afraid I will ever deceive or abandon her? Surely ſhe cannot. I never will deceive you; for by the hopes I have of your being mine, I here moſt religiouſly ſwear—that I never yet did, or ever will, make you one promiſe I do not intend moſt punctually to perform. And the ſame I can venture to affirm for Mr Renholds, with regard to your ſiſter. To convince you more fully, I'll ſtake my *honour* for him, that he never will deceive her. You look upon him as a man of diſſolute principles you ſay, but I can aſſure you he is a man of honour, even in regard to *women*, and would as much as myſelf ſcorn to make uſe of a

promiſe of marriage in order to ruin a woman. And for my part, upon my ſoul I ſwear, I ſhould from my very ſoul deſpiſe that man, who could act ſo great a piece of baſeneſs, as to uſe a ſacred promiſe of performing a ſacred act, only with deſign to deceive a woman thereby, and draw her into other meaſures—even though he was my moſt dear and intimate friend. Such at preſent is, and ever will be, Mr Renholds, unleſs he does any thing ſo vile as to forfeit that friendſhip, which moſt indiſputably he would, if he could be capable of acting in any other way by Miſs Charlotte than that I am reſolved to do by my Letitia. But, for my part, I have no ſort of doubts concerning his honour, ſo very certain am I of his being at heart a worthy man; and this is the reaſon I wiſh him to be rewarded with ſo great a treaſure as your ſiſter, who, but for your being her competitor, would be incomparable!

And now, my deareſt girl, I hope I have anſwered all your objections, and

ſatisfied

ſatisfied all your doubts, with regard to the intentions of my friend? After what I have ſaid, ſurely you will not be averſe to letting him be perſonally acquainted with Miſs Charlotte? whom I had a ſcheme of bringing to town with us, but Mr Randall's gout renders it impracticable.

Oh, my charmer! how I long to ſee you! And what an happineſs is it to think that I ſhall have that pleaſure in leſs than a week? My ſiſter has fixed her day for making Lord C. happy. Oh, that I was as near the full completion of all my wiſhes as he is of his! Dear Letitia! were that poſſible, ſhould you be averſe? Would you not, with equal paſſion, if all obſtacles were removed—I dare ſay no more; I know your exceſſive delicacy, ſo will ſpare it. But yet Letitia, when you come to this part of my letter, I flatter myſelf, though your ſweet face may be overſpread with bluſhes, your bluſhes will be thoſe of kind conſent, not anger.

Adieu, my angel, till I ſee you, which I fancy will be in five days from this; and believe me to be

Yours, ſincerely and affectionately,

W. HARRINGTON.

P. S. I don't aſk for a written anſwer to this letter; but on the inſtant of my arrival in town will wait upon you for a verbal one.

LETTER XLV.

Miſs CONSTANTIA to Miſs JULIA HARRINGTON.

Harrington-Hall, Jan. 23.

I Have, my dear ſiſter, at length yielded to the earneſt ſolicitations of Sir William and Lord C. I have fixed the moſt important event of my whole life! That day which will join me to Lord C. paſt all power of being diſunited but by death.

Yet

Yet I am not well ſatisfied with myſelf for having done ſo, for I fear all the world muſt cenſure my conduct upon this occaſion. How precipitate have I been! My father dead but a little above four months, and I, his daughter, to have ſo far forgotten his loſs as to think of giving my hand in wedlock! Surely this appears like a diſrepect, or at beſt, not paying that due regard to his memory which might have been expected from me.

I have been hitherto, by my dear partial friends, extolled for my prudence, and juſt propriety of acting. Thoſe partial friends have ſet me often as a pattern, in that reſpect, for other young women to follow; but alas! dear friends, you did not fully know me; your fondneſs made you blind to all my failings, while it held before your eyes the magnifying end of the perſpective, through which you viewed my ſmall perfections. This miſled your judgments, and you miſtook the appearance only of common conduct, for true prudence and diſcretion;

diſcretion; virtues you attributed to me, who never till now had an inſtance given me of proving whether I really poſſeſſed them or no.

But now the trial, the grand teſt is come; and how do I ſuſtain it? Oh, love! what numberleſs errors doſt thou lead our weak ſex into? And yet it is not merely love which cauſes me to act thus; for had I, my dear Julia, (greatly as I will own to you I love Lord C.) been left to follow the dictates of my own judgment, I ſhould not ſo early have forgotten what was due to the memory of the beſt of parents. No, my ſiſter, believe me, thy Conſtantia would not, if full liberty had been granted her, have acted thus againſt her reaſon; for my reaſon plainly tells me, that in the preſent caſe I do wrong.

But then, may it not be thus objected againſt me? You are, Miſs Harrington, at age in the eye of the law, ſo of conſequence are miſtreſs both of your perſon and fortune. Who has any right or authority to controul your actions? Your brother,

brother, it is true, may adviſe you, but can't compell.

This, undoubtedly, at firſt hearing, ſounds like juſtice; but as every caſe may have two different turns at leaſt given to it, let us try the argument fairly.

I aſk then, whether ſtrong perſuaſion from thoſe we love, is not in effect the ſame thing (though in its method it is different) as compulſion? Nay, whether upon a generous mind, intreaty will not have a greater influence than force?

The former, though at firſt the heart may not reliſh or approve what it leads to, will find its way, and be in ſome meaſure regarded, when of courſe it ſoftens the mind and relaxes the paſſions, creating wiſhes of compliance, though perhaps the taſk may ſeem too hard to be complied with. Whereas on the contrary, compulſive treatment, locking up its avenues ſo much the faſter againſt the meaſures it ſo impoliticly laboured to accompliſh, corrodes in the breaſt and hardens the heart.

Had

Had therefore my brother endeavoured to controul my will; had he peremptorily told me I *ſhould* fix the day; had he gone on with that kind of treatment I met with from him in the dreſſing room, reſentment, doubtleſs, would have armed me, and I ſhould have reſiſted all attacks of that nature.

But he aſſailed me in a different manner, cloathing his words with ſoft perſuaſive eloquence, exerting all his art; and of art, my Julia, you well know our brother has an ample ſhare. No man of his age (heaven grant he came honeſtly by his knowledge) has a more perfect one of our ſex; and from what I have on this occaſion experienced of his dexterity in managing any point, and his capacity for obtaining any end he is ſtrongly bent upon, I pity the woman he ſhould pleaſe to attack, though even for the moſt unlawful purpoſe; ſince I am ſure ſhe muſt be endued with a moſt uncommon ſhare of ſenſe, virtue and prudence, or elſe by ſuch arts as his ſhe muſt certainly fall.

You

You uſed to think I had a tolerable knack at argument; and no woman, for my years, has perhaps had greater practice that way than I have, it being ever the delight of my dear father to hear his girl enter into a debate with any one who would condeſcend to engage her. In all diſputes of this kind I generally uſed to come off a conqueror; but then what was the reaſon? Was it not in the preſence of my father I ſpoke? and did he not often help me out of a labyrinth, wherein, without all doubt, I ſhould have been entangled, by kindly throwing in ſome fine obſervation of his own; thereby giving me time for gathering freſh ſtrength in order to renew the argument, and likewiſe of gaining hints to carry it on properly, by what fell from his lips.

But now his *diamond*, as he fondly uſed to call me, ceaſes to ſparkle; the light from which it uſed to receive its luſtre is ſhut from it. Yes, Julia, I have loſt my ſuccour in affairs of this nature; and now my brother triumphs — Yet triumphs

triumphs over what? The prudence of his ſiſter! How ſtrange a conqueſt! But it is ſtrictly true; this is the point he labours, and labours it with his utmoſt zeal; for I never knew him ſhew a greater anxiety to ſucceed in any one particular, than he has done in order to bring me into thoſe meaſures he at length has wrought upon me to comply with, and to which I am ſo much ſurpriſed at myſelf for having ſo ſoon aſſented.

I thought myſelf at the beginning of the combat quite ſecure; I doubted not ſucceſs, relying upon the plea I had to make, which was my father's recent death, and which I imagined would have been ſtrong enough to baffle all his arguments againſt it, ſhould he attempt making any. But inſtead of being overcome himſelf, he ſoon pleaded away all the force of what I alledged.

Oh, ſiſter! what an excellent counſellor he would have made if he had been bred to the bar? And this makes the wonder leſs, that the juſteſt cauſes are ſometimes loſt; becauſe, he who pleads in favour of

of the unjuſt, happens (as I doubt is often the caſe; for being conſcious of their want of merit, they will conſtitute art in its room, and for that reaſon endeavour without all diſpute to get an artful pleader)—If therefore, I ſay, he who manages the cauſe of the unjuſt party, happens to have a ſuperior ſhare of wit and ready elocution to him who ſpeaks in favour of the juſt, he will firſt puzzle the cauſe, and then by the mere force of rhetoric, explain away, by ſpecious and artful arguments, all its real merit. This was the method practiſed by my brother; and by which, notwithſtanding I had juſtice ſo evidently on my ſide at the beginning, I was in the end quite vanquiſhed.

One thing however I inſiſted upon, and I believe 'tis commonly obſerved in all ſuch caſes—It was, that when the bridal month was paſt, I ſhould be allowed to re-aſſume my mourning, and wear it its due time: And this requeſt was not objected to by either of the gentlemen, they both agreeing it was proper

and right---Lord C. declaring he would conform to my appearance, and put on mourning too, if I would ſuffer him to become a part of our family.

Now, my dear ſiſter, I have as clearly as I am able, ſtated the caſe; and what do you think of it? Do you blame me? Could I do more than I have done, in order to withſtand the repeated perſuaſions of a brother whom I ſo entirely love? Not to mention, which I think I might in my own defence, the ſtrong partiality which it may be concluded pretty readily muſt ſway me in favour of the perſon he pleaded for; and whoſe own ſingle requeſt, unaſſiſted by my brother, I ſhould not have heſitated complying with, but that I thought it an infringement upon the decent regard I ought to pay to the memory of my father.

It is now too late to aſk advice, either of you, my Julia, or my other friends. I ſhould, if determined to have been guided by ſuch advice, have applied for it before; and not have ſtayed till the determination

determination was made, and my promiſe actually given.

Such kind of behaviour on the like occaſions, is what thoſe men who have but little wit, (and conſequently are at all times, where the leaſt opportunity offers, fond of ſhewing and making the moſt of it) are continually ridiculing our ſex for—They ſay we never aſk the advice of our friends till we are firſt in our own minds determined how to act; and that we then apply for their opinion in hopes of having our judgment ſtrengthened by it, and not with the leaſt intention of altering our courſe, ſhould their advice claſh with our own deſigns.

Now I am reſolved not to fall under the laſh of theſe and other obſervations of the like nature; for all I ſhall beg of my *friends* is, to forgive me if I have acted wrong; to ſeriouſly and impartially conſider the motives and incitements I had for ſo acting; and that they would attribute my behaviour, on the preſent occaſion, to its true cauſe, which I moſt ſolemnly declare was the intrea-

ties and perſuaſions of my brother—A brother, of whoſe judgment, when he allows it to exert itſelf, unbiaſſed by paſſion, (which muſt be the caſe here; he can have no intereſt in this, but what ariſes from the part he takes in mine; ſo on that account I ought to think he adviſed me to the beſt of his judgment) a judgment I ever had, and with the greateſt reaſon, the higheſt opinion of, as I ſaid before, when unbiaſſed by paſſion, and whoſe advice in any thing relating to my own concerns, I ever was fond of taking. He then adviſed, perſuaded, and both very ſtrongly, how could I reſiſt him, loving, as I do, the man he pleaded for?

But I ſhall tire my Julia's patience upon this ſubject; yet how to write upon any other, I know not, this is ſo near my heart; and to act right, at leaſt what is in their opinion ſo, I believe every one would chooſe to do as far as they are able; for which reaſon, if we have done what in our own minds we ſtand condemned for, and of courſe are apt to fear the ſame from other

other people, how fond are we of aiming at extenuation, although perhaps at the time we are doing ſo, pretty certain that all our endeavours will be ineffectual.

Shall I then ceaſe to write, or go on upon this ſubject? Dear ſiſter, let me purſue it—let me lighten that weight which now oppreſſes me, by giving a part of it to you, to whom I long to talk upon the occaſion, but debarred that happineſs perſonally, muſt make my pen ſpeak for me, and tranſcribe the workings of a mind agitated beyond meaſure, on the thoughts of a great important day, that day ſo near approaching.

I remember I ſaid in a former letter upon this ſubject, that on ſuch occaſions as theſe it is right to think; now I am ſure, if thinking is of any advantage, I do not loſe it. I think ſufficiently, and till I am entirely turned into thought, having ſeemingly almoſt forgot the art of ſpeaking. But then of what uſe is now my thoughtfulneſs? it only adds to my diſquiet. Is not the event fixed? can I alter it? I ſhould have thought

before; and ſo I did; yet to what purpoſe, may it not be aſked? and I reply, to the ſame I conclude moſt women do, who are in the ſame circumſtances and ſituation.

Perhaps when ſome obvious objections have been raiſed in their minds by that friendly monitor *truth*, (ever the companion and attendant of conſcience, if ſhe will endeavour to cultivate her acquaintance) they will, for ſome moments, attend to them, owning the juſtice of the facts; but theſe being rather of a diſagreeable kind, are on that account repugnant to nature, who quickly exerts herſelf, by endeavouring to alter, and thereby render more palatable, the bitter potion. Paſſion, every one will allow, is ſtrongly implanted in nature, and by it ſhe would be drawn every moment into difficulty if reaſon was not given her by way of a check thereto: Now reaſon, for the moſt part, maintains her ground pretty well, till love approaches, who ever is in firm alliance with paſſion, and but too often with credulity.

credulity. Theſe powerful opponents reaſon is too weak to combat long, ſo that at length ſhe is overcome, and taking her flight, leaves nature entirely under the direction of paſſion, who teaches her to pay an implicit obedience to all the dictates of love, however repugnant they may be to thoſe rules before given by reaſon.

But ſtill I will aver, Julia, that *love* had not ſo far blinded my *reaſon*, as to have made me act as I ſhall act, if I had not been over-perſuaded by my brother.

The ſame poſt which brought me yours, brought alſo a letter from my aunt Montague, containing, as you intimated it would, an invitation of celebrating my nuptials at her houſe. I accept it; and ſo I inform her in a letter which accompanies this, but not *in* it, for the ſame reaſon, Julia, as hers to me could not be encloſed in yours. Surely there are not two ſuch eternal ſcribblers as

as you and I again to be met with! Now the epiſtles I uſually receive from my other correſpondents (Cordelia excepted, for ſhe treads pretty much in our ſteps) are ſeldom carried beyond the limits of one ſheet of the common-ſized gilt paper; and we—oh, what unreaſonable girls! ſeldom ſtop till we have blotted three, ſometimes four. Blotted I may very juſtly ſay, at leaſt of that I ſhall now ſend you, for making ſuch haſte as I have been obliged to do in the writing of it, ſome, nay many blots, could not well be avoided. The gentlemen rode out in the morning for near three hours, and in that time I penned down all you meet with before you come to the break off I was obliged to make, in order to dreſs, and attend at dinner.

I have now given them the ſlip, but ſuppoſe ſhall not long remain here in quiet, for I expect every moment a call down, ſo I will not pretend to begin my letter to my aunt, in which I ſhall inform her of the day on which I ſhall be in town. Oh, ſiſter, what an agreeable, yet

yet at the ſame time diſagreeable, train of thinking am I thrown into whenever I reflect upon this journey and its conſequences!

The pleaſure I promiſe myſelf in ſeeing my aunt and you fills my breaſt with great joy; but then, after that joy, what next muſt follow? my engaging in an entire new ſcene of life: An event, which let it prove ever ſo bad, or contrary to my expectations, cannot be altered.

This, whenever I think of it, makes me very grave, and ſometimes occaſions me to ſhed a tear; yet ſurely I am of a ſtrange perverſe temper, for in the midſt of all this ſeeming great affliction, if I aſk my heart if it deſires or would wiſh to be releaſed of all its engagements to Lord C. it will not, forward thing as it is, ſtay till the queſtion is well finiſhed; readily anſwering, it deſires not to change its preſent ſituation, not being capable of forming a proſpect more happy, than what it is likely to enjoy with him. For, indeed, my Julia, he every hour riſes in my eſteem; and ſuch an account could I

give

give you of his behaviour to me (now, ſince I have inveſted him with power, as I may ſay, by having fixed that period which abſolutely will give it him); but I will not, leſt, in the deſcription, you ſhould think me partial; though I might venture this, indeed I think I might, as your own obſervation ſo ſhortly would convince you, from the correſpondence, I queſtion not, there will be between his actions then, and thoſe paſt, which I had given you an account of.

He obſerves ſuch a reſpectful tenderneſs whenever he talks with me, and yeſterday morning—

Phoo—I am called away—no, no, Sukey, I won't give them the trouble of fetching me, I'll come inſtantly.

Twelve at night.

No account ſhall I give you of Lord C.'s courtſhip, my brother has prevented that.—When I went down in the afternoon—Your employment above, Madam Conſtantia?

Conſtantia? ſaid he. Pray what do you meet with ſo very entertaining in that dreſſing room of yours, that you are continually, if one does not very narrowly watch you, running thither?

I have been writing to my ſiſter, Sir William. All the morning too, was you not? returned he. Yes, Sir, I was, anſwered I, and what then? Nay, nay, that you beſt know, but I fancy I can gueſs, penning down a certain courtſhip, I ſuppoſe, for your ſiſter, who will doubtleſs communicate ſuch pleaſing affairs to Mrs Montague. Poor woman! at her time of life ſhe muſt be contented with the bare recital of ſuch charming ſcenes. Don't you write an account of them to Delia as well as Julia? If you was charitable you ſhould, that ſhe may communicate them to aunt Crawford, ſince at ſecond-hand only can ſhe have them any more than her ſiſter, for at firſt hand I'm afraid the poor antiques have paſſed all chance for them.

Fye, brother, fye, ſaid I, and here the entrance of Lord C. and Miſs Charlotte put

put an end to the diſcourſe, or elſe I can aſſure Sir William, I ſhould have pretty handſomely reprimanded him.

You too well know, Julia, that for all his fine ſenſe he does not always act right, or ſpeak with that due reverence he ought of thoſe worthy ladies. That miſchievous talent, miſcalled wit, into what abſurdities will it often lead men of the very beſt underſtandings? for they who poſſeſs it are too apt, at all times, to ſuffer it to diſplay itſelf, not regarding who, or what the ſubject is, they attempt to ridicule.

But I have not wrote an account of the courtſhip for the entertainment of any one, and ſo I can ſafely tell him.

Mr Randall has got a ſlight fit of the gout, but it ſerves as I have managed the affair, as a pretence for Miſs Charlotte's ſtaying with him, and not attending me in my London journey. Indeed, Julia, I fancy your ſuſpicions concerning a ſcheme relative to this girl, are not intirely groundleſs; for a propoſal for her going with us was ſuddenly, and

pretty

pretty warmly made; but I gave it ſo ſtrongly, and ſo gravely, for my opinion, that as Mr Randall was confined to his houſe, by no means ſhe ſhould leave him. My brother was forced to give up the point and drop the ſubject, as I ſhall my pen. Adieu, my dear.

CONSTANTIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XLVI.

Miſs CORDELIA to Miſs JULIA HARRINGTON.

Bath, Jan. 26.

I AM greatly obliged to my dear ſiſter, for her entertaining account of the behaviour of herſelf and Sir Harry Millar—poor creature! I do believe he is a poor creature naturally. But oh! Julia, a man of ſenſe, when treated as you treated him, would, in my opinion, have found it a matter of ſome difficulty to have maintained that character, when at-

tacked in ſo odd, ſo unexpected a way. Well I do really think, that for the true ſpirit of banter no one can excel you—ſo ſays my aunt Crawford, ſo ſays Mrs Stanhope, and the Colonel, for Julia; don't take it amiſs. But indeed, all ſuch lively parts of your letters I do read to them—they both admire you greatly I can aſſure you.

Miſs Bab Millar is at Bath, and who do you think beſides? Captain Revel. Oh! my dear, the moſt impudent man breathing, ſurely is he. He found out where I lived, and the morning after his arrival came to my aunt's, deſiring to ſpeak with me, telling the ſervant he came from London, and had lately ſeen my brother, Sir William Harrington, and Miſs Julia. He did not ſend up his name, ſo I went down into the parlour immediately.

On entering, a very ſmart, genteel figure of a man met my eye—he bowed reſpectfully. Madam, my name is Revel; I have the honour to be a little acquainted with your brother, much more with your

your ſiſter. I ſaw them both well juſt before I left London, and now wait upon you to inform you they are well. I hope Mrs Crawford is ſo, Madam? Mrs Montague is, for I drank tea at her houſe laſt week.

Now, Julia, what could one think of all this? Was there not great reaſon to imagine that he had told you of his journey, and that you had charged him with this meſſage? This I moſt certainly ſhould have concluded, if you had not in your letters given me ſo much light into the real character of the man, which I by no means approving, was determined to be upon my guard.

I aſked him if he had got no letter from you for me? No, Madam, anſwered he, my journey hither was a ſudden thing, and I did not ſee Miſs Harrington after it was fixed, till the very night before I ſet out, otherwiſe, I make no ſort of doubt I ſhould have been honoured with ſuch a truſt.

Now, ſiſter, I really did make a doubt of it; ſo I ſaid, pray Sir, did my ſiſter

deſire you to call upon me? No, Madam, there could be no ſort of need of that, the pleaſure of ſeeing you muſt be a ſufficient inducement for me to make the offer.

Julia, did he make the offer? I don't believe he did, or if he made it, I don't think you accepted it, ſurely you can't wiſh me to be acquainted with ſuch a wretch? a noted fortune-hunter! ſuch is his character here. He was moſt prodigiouſly complaiſant to me during the time of his viſit, which was for about half an hour; and when he went away, I did not aſk him to come any more, which I fancy he expected I would have done—to be ſure he thought the child would have been taken with his tinſel figure. He was no ſooner gone than Colonel Stanhope came; indeed they met at the door, and when he came in he ſaid, So, Miſs Harrington, a fine new beau you have got?

An impertinent creature, anſwered I, I hope this viſit will be his laſt as well as firſt—Who do you think he is, Colonel?

that

that Revel my ſiſter mentioned in her letter, who was at the play with Sir Harry Millar.

Hum—ſaid the Colonel. What is the matter? aſked I. Why, Madam, the Captain has doubtleſs heard, that it is right to have more ſchemes than one, ſo that in caſe one fails he may purſue the other. He comes down to Bath, I ſuppoſe, after Miſs Millar, who arrived laſt night, and lodges in the ſame houſe with my ſiſter and me; but he has a mind to have a little trial at Miſs Harrington as well as her. Madam, take care of him, he is an inſinuating artful wretch—fortune-hunting is what he makes his whole aim. Indeed, if I might adviſe you, it ſhould be not to be acquainted with him.

Now, ſiſter, was it not quite friendly in the Colonel to give me ſuch good advice? but he is a worthy man, a truly good man, and ſuch are always real friends. This was on the Monday morning, and on Tueſday we went to the ball. Miſs Millar was there, the Colonel pointed her out to me; ſhe has a good perſon,

and a very ſenſible look, ſo I hope will have more diſcretion than to be caught by the Captain. He danced with her, country dances; but a creature! whenever he came to me he ſpoke with the air of a moſt intimate acquaintance—talk'd of my ſiſter, my aunt—to be ſure, every body who heard him muſt think he had known all the family for an age. Miſs Millar ſpoke to him in a low voice; I ſuppoſe aſked him who I was, for he anſwered, Miſs Harrington, Madam, ſiſter to my friend, Sir William Harrington—a wretch, his friend! Lord, Julia! what a paſs this world is come to! but I fancy that reply was not intended for me to hear, and yet it might too, for London and Bath are at a great diſtance; and he might not know of the very frequent, and minute accounts we ſiſters give each other, ſo might think in that manner to impoſe upon me, as well as Miſs Millar. I like her appearance greatly, and ſhould be ſorry to have her fall a ſacrifice to Captain Revel; for which reaſon, I deſired Colonel Stanhope to get acquainted with

with her (as he may eaſily do, lodging in the ſame houſe) and warn her of her danger—but this he declined, ſaying, that he was not fond of quarrels, and if he was not to interfere in ſuch a manner, in all probability it might bring on one between the Captain and him.

Why, Colonel, replied I, you ventured this once before—you did not regard it when you ſo kindly cautioned me?

Oh, Miſs Harrington! anſwered he, is there no difference think you between you and Miſs Millar? You, Madam, are my friend, it was at the end of a dance we had gone down with, and were ſeated at the bottom of the room; he had hold of my hand, and preſt it with the true ardour of a friend; (ſuch an ardour ſiſter, as I can't tell how made my heart dance as faſt as my feet had juſt done before; and yet though it ſeemed pleaſed, a ſigh roſe at the inſtant which I was forced to ſtifle by ſhamming a cough) You, Madam, ſaid he, are my *friend*.—He laid as particular a ſtreſs upon that word in his ſpeech, as he did upon my hand while he ſpoke it; and his eyes, ſiſter, looked

ſo

ſo tender, ſo expreſſive the mean while, I do really think he has an high regard for me; I am ſure I have for him; indeed there is not a man in the world I have ſo high a friendſhip for, except my brother; and that is a different caſe—I have an affection, a ſtrong love for him.

Well, though I can't prevail upon the Colonel to caution Miſs Millar, I am not without hopes of getting it done. Mrs Stanhope may; he can't ſend her a challenge you know, if through her means he ſhould be robbed of his miſtreſs.

I ſend a letter to my ſiſter Conſtantia, by the ſame poſt which conveys this to you---Nay, I may as well incloſe it to you, I think, for ſhe'll be in town perhaps as ſoon as this letter can, ſo to ſend it to the hall would be fooliſh. I deſire her to give me a very particular account of all that paſſes in London relating to her Lord; and I hope, Julia, you will continue to do ſo likewiſe, regarding yours, and all other occurrences, which to read, as deſcribed by you, is at all times a very high pleaſure, to

Your affectionate

CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XLVII.

Miſs JULIA to Miſs CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

New Bond-Street, Feb. 1.

UNreaſonable girl! to deſire your ſiſter Conſtantia to give you a particular account of *all* her proceedings now in town. In the firſt place, ſhe can't be ſuppoſed to have time; in the next, may juſtly plead want of inclination to ſatisfy your curioſity; for you muſt conſider, that all the while ſhe was writing to you an account of the pretty things which had been ſaid to her by Lord C. in the morning, ſhe muſt in that manner ſpend greateſt part of the afternoon, and conſequently loſe the warm pleaſure of hearing new pretty things, in the cold repetition of old ones. Now ſuch a repetition is very well, and what we are fond enough of, when incapable of meeting

ing with any thing better; for in the abſence of the beloved object, it is a clever way of rendering it in ſome meaſure preſent; but when it is preſent, when it is under the ſame roof, and deſirous of being in the ſame room, can you think your ſiſter will ſhut it out, and take up a pen to write half the day? No, no, Delia, when you have a ſweetheart, child, you will know better how to prize your time; you will think it may be better employed than in writing an account of paſt events, when it has an opportunity of being ſpent in gaining new ones.

But what have I ſaid? When you come to have a ſweetheart! Hem---hem ---dear girl, I beg your pardon---I beg Colonel Stanhope's pardon too. For a paſſage in your letter here before me, gives a plain indication that he has underſtanding enough to pay a due regard to the merit of Miſs Cordelia Harrington---That lady who is his---friend. Now this *friend* of his has not an heart compoſed of flint; or if it is, that of the Colonel

Colonel being formed of ſteel, they have come to ſuch cloſe quarters as to have ſtruck, and ſet each other in a mutual blaze.

Now, Cordelia, is not this true? On reading this part of my letter, don't you find the little ſparks fly to your cheeks, occaſioning a moſt uncommon warmth in them? Oh, what a ſweet vermilion? Run, run to your glaſs, my dear, colour is very becoming---You never looked prettier in all your life! What a pity the Colonel is not preſent to ſee you. I dare ſay your face was not overſpread with a more lively glow when he electrified your hand at the ball. Poor dear! and was its little heart ſhot through? Naughty man, how could he ſerve it ſo?

Love, my dear, is the higheſt kind of electricity; it will ever, from a touch at the hand, convey itſelf with a ſurpriſing velocity to the heart; where (not like the common kind, which runs through the body and ſoon loſes all its force after it has occaſioned the firſt great ſhock) it fixes its ſtation, and ſeldom or ever is to

to be diſlodged. Cordelia, don't you find the pretty thrill ſtill in your heart whenever you ſearch for it, by reflecting upon the time and occaſion of its being given? Don't you---But hold---

Dear ſiſter, forgive me; you know my temper, and that I cannot, when either writing or ſpeaking, ſtop a lively ſally---Out it will come, though at ever ſo great an hazard of offending my moſt dear and intimate friend.

But one truth I will make you own in my favour, which is, that I have hitherto been exceſſively merciful to you. Have I ever given you one touch about the Colonel before?

No, Julia, you never did. But pray where is the favour of this? What reaſon have I given you for touches about the Colonel?

Ah, Cordelia! poor dear ſiſter! Long, long have I, and not only I, but Conſtantia alſo, found out your love for him; yet, child, don't be greatly alarmed; make yourſelf tolerably eaſy; for at the ſame time we came to the knowledge of your

your regard for him, we diſcovered his paſſion for you. I don't think you knew, or even ſuſpected it yourſelf; in ſuch a pretty artleſs manner were all your letters written, but ſtill thoſe letters plainly, very plainly, told us how the affair ſtood with you.

However, ſince you can ſafely ſay or ſing, juſt as you ſhall happen to be in humour; for either will anſwer the ſame end—

I love him *and he loves* me——

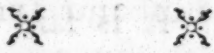
Since the man is (and I have been making ſtrict inquiries about him here in town, I can aſſure you) a man of an unexceptionable character; ſince though at preſent he is not in very affluent circumſtances, he will certainly be heir to his uncle's eſtate and title. (The latter of great conſequence in the eſtimation of moſt women, if they will candidly ſpeak their minds. Now own truly, ſiſter--- Don't Lady Stanhope ſound charming in your ear?) And laſtly, ſince I believe

from the reſpectful, ſometimes tender behaviour he now treats you with, according to all your accounts of the matter, you may have high reaſon to think if he was in proper circumſtances he would publicly addreſs you; (whereas now, ſly devil, he contents himſelf with ſecretly loving you, in the mean time however leaving no art unuſed to obtain your affections) which it is pretty clear to us he has effected; and ſince the affair is as I have ſtated it, your brother and ſiſter commiſſion me to aſſure you from them, to which I ſubſcribe my own opinion, that we highly approve your choice, wiſhing you all the happineſs which we think a man of Colonel Stanhope's character is ſo likely to ſecure to you; he being the ſort of man in every reſpect, but age (in that we think the difference is rather too great) we ſhould chooſe as an huſband for our beloved Cordelia.

And now, my dear girl, don't let my raillery upon this ſubject, which I own I have a little unmercifully exerciſed, hinder

der you for the future writing upon it with your uſual freedom. No, my Cordelia, I beg it may not; for though I am flighty, pert, and often ſaucy, to all my friends, yet a more ſincere friend than your Julia Harrington does not live. Believe me, my heart is warmly intereſted in whatever relates to your concerns; therefore ſiſter, dear ſiſter, once more I beg you would ſtill continue giving me minute accounts of all which happens to you.

Conſtantia deſires you would excuſe her writing to you at preſent, knowing it will be a pleaſure to me to do ſo; and as ſhe is with me at Mrs Montague's, for us both to write is certainly unneceſſary; ſhe came to town laſt week, is quite well, and her Lord, to be ſure he is the moſt charming man that ever lived.



We begin to be in a vaſt buſtle, and only that I know you don't love buſtle, I ſhould wiſh you here. The wedding

is not however to be celebrated with any great pomp in London; but a few days after it is over we are all, viz. Lord C. my ſiſter, Sir William, Miſs Julia Harrington, and Lord S. (who ſeems now to be become a part of that Lady's wearing apparel, by chooſing, as much as poſſible, to be hung at her apron ſtring.) Aunt Montague cannot be prevailed upon to take the journey; but the beforementioned great perſonages, in a few days after a great event is paſſed, are to ſet out for the ſeat of the Earl of W. in Nottinghamſhire, where, I ſuppoſe, there will be ſuch doings! ſuch joy! ſuch a racket! as makes my heart bound to think of it. And then you know, plenty of finery of courſe muſt be made up, which we are to wear for a month, and then reſume our ſables.

Now, ſiſter, don't you want to know what we buy? It is ſaid by the men, that half the joy of being married to a woman ariſes from having fine cloaths, fine jewels, fine equipages, &c. And that this is the reaſon why they ſo often make

make ſilly bargains, their minds being ſo taken up by theſe important affairs, they cannot find leiſure to think of the ſource from which they are to ſpring---That they marry glitter and ſhow, the pride and delight of their hearts, diſregarding, as a matter of ſmall conſequence, the *man*. Him they take without any conſideration into the bargain, for better or worſe, juſt as it ſhall happen to turn out.

This, and arguments of the like nature, have I often heard by men alledged againſt women on ſuch occaſions. But ſtop the Lords of the creation! You who vaunt yourſelves upon your ſuppoſed ſuperiority, do not too far exult till I have ſaid a little more upon the ſubject, leſt your fall ſhould be the greater, when I have proved your ſex in affairs of this nature full as culpable---perhaps more ſo than ours.

In the firſt place I aſk, what do you men in this age moſt commonly marry for? Is with them a true affection for the object they marry, their motive?

No, for let a woman's charms, her perſonal charms, be what they will, and let their hearts be in how great a degree ſoever ſuſceptible of *thoſe charms*, there is another, a more powerful one, ſurpaſſing, in their opinion, all the beauties of the perſon, all the beauties of the mind. This is a kind of yellow metal, moſt attractive in its quality, which, if a woman has a ſufficient quantity of, it as naturally influences the hearts of men, as a large magnet does the needle; drawing them to the point of matrimony, where they are fond of fixing, when in this manner led to it. But without this magic power, which very few, if any of them, are able to reſiſt, though at firſt allured by beauty, and for a while led on by merit, if the object they admire has not in the catalogue of her charms that of gold, they will ſtart from the point of matrimony, inſtead of fixing at it.

Now, men, by yourſelves I will be judged in the preſent caſe; and if you can, upon your honour, (about which you

you generally make ſuch a rout; the only perfection you ſeem deſirous of being thought maſters of, and therefore of courſe would not ſtake it to any thing but truth) if you can with honour prove that you are not as much as our ſex to blame in your motives for forming matrimonial connections, I will give up the point. And therefore, upon this condition, ſubmitting the diſpute to your deciſion, I thus ſtate the caſe.

The men alledge againſt the women, that they are caught by glitter, ſhow, and ſuch like trifles, theſe being generally ſaid and thought to employ their minds, and bias them in matrimonial affairs.

The women retort upon the men, that they are entirely influenced by the magic charm of gold, wholly diſregarding women of beauty and merit, if they have not money.

Now is not money ſaid to be the root of all evil? What worſe then can be ſaid againſt them, than that they are influenced by that power from whence all evil ſprings?

But,

But, ye evil creatures, for the preſent I'll have done with you. Mercy on me! what a digreſſion I have made--- And from what? Will it be believed that any thing could lead a woman from her purpoſe, when it was that of buying wedding cloaths? Ah, Cordelia! it was not for my own wedding, but my ſiſter's, elſe perhaps I might have been more expeditious.

She buys only two ſuits---one white and ſilver, the other a light purple ground, with a running pattern of flowers all over it of various colours, intermixed with a great deal of ſilver; it is a very rich ſilk, and I think the prettieſt I ever ſaw. Two negligees, one a very faſhionable ſilk; in my opinion, all it has to recommend it; for I don't dote either upon the colours, or the taſte in which they are blended: The other a white ſattin for the day of days! Theſe are all ſhe makes up at preſent, being ſo ſoon to put on mourning again.

I have determined upon a dreſs like myſelf, rather whimſical: The plan to work

work upon is a crimſon ſattin, but the petticoat is to be trimmed all over with a narrow blond lace ſcalloped at both edges, which being prettily placed upon that glaring colour upon the ſleeves of the gown, part of the tail and the petticoat ſpread over a large hoop will make a flaming appearance. My ruffles and lappets are to be of ſilver blond. Shall I not be fine? And now I'll tell you the reaſon of my laying on ſuch a quantity of ſilver---'Tis becauſe I don't care in glitter to be entirely eclipſed by my ſiſter; ſhe has received ſuch a noble preſent of jewels from the old Earl, that if ſhe was to wear them all at one time, ſhe would look as if ſhe was juſt arrived on an embaſſy from the Emperor of Peru's dominions. Therefore as in this article I can't poſſibly pretend to vie with her---for what ſignifies my poor earrings, which coſt no more than two hundred pounds, my four ſtars of fifty pounds each, a buckle and trifling pair of bracelets? Theſe, though placed to ever ſo great advantage in the preſence of

of my ſiſter's, would appear like a few ſmall tapers endeavouring to vie with the ſun in all his meridian ſplendor. I muſt ſhine, you ſee, in what I can get, ſo conſtitute ſilver in the room of diamonds.

That impudent creature, Revel! I wonder at his aſſurance. *I* ſend him to you! *No, indeed*---(as Clariſſa often ſays.) 'Tis true, he did ſee me at the play, and my brother too; but how ſee us? He in the ſide box on one ſide of the houſe, we on the other; he bowed to us, and we returned the compliment, which was all that paſſed. I have not, my dear, exchanged a ſingle word with the man ever ſince that time he ſat by Sir Harry. I was not at home when he came with his couſin Temple to viſit at my aunt's; I was gone to ſee Letitia. Mrs Temple, it ſeems, expreſſed great concern at my being abſent, as did the Captain; and upon my aunt's mentioning it next day before my brother---Doubtleſs, Madam, replied he, his eyes expreſſing a ſtill farther meaning. Now, ſiſter, you know I am fond of gaining inſtruction where-

ever

ever I can, ſo I ſaid, You ſeem, Sir William, to mean farther than you ſpeak; what do you know of Mrs Temple?

That ſhe is a lady who keeps as much and as genteel company as any body in town, ſiſter Julia.

This won't do, brother. Pray tell me why you laid ſuch a ſtrong emphaſis upon the word *doubtleſs*, when my aunt ſaid ſhe lamented my not being at home?

She adheres to the rule, that charity begins at home, ſiſter; ſhe is fond of her couſin Revel, and would promote his intereſt, not regarding what other family ſuffered by it, if it was in her power—

You don't ſeem to have a good opinion of the lady? ſaid my aunt.

I don't know any body that has, replied my brother. Is ſhe not notoriouſly known to be a packer?

A packer, brother! What in the name of wonder is that? ſaid I. Aye, what indeed? cried my aunt, I am ſure I do not know.

I will tell you then, replied Sir William. A packer is one who is in league with

with a parcel of ſmart young fellows that are rather deſtitute of fortune, and for that reaſon are puſhing for every thing which can make it. They therefore get acquainted with the packer; they ſupport her rout by the appearance they make, which delights her vanity; and in return for this, ſhe is to draw thither, as much as lies in her power, young women of good fortunes, whom ſhe is to divide in parties at cards among theſe men, thereby giving them an opportunity of winning not only the money, but often the hearts of thoſe girls, in this manner drawn in. Now, Julia, Mrs Temple made a fair ſet at you for her couſin Revel. With what judgment was the party formed you played in at her houſe! Not a man in it except the Captain you could poſſibly be the leaſt engaged by, and he, to do him juſtice, very engaging.

So, Cordelia, here is a new claſs of females I never heard of before, the *Packers*. Well, I think the title ſuits the employment mighty well. But then, what

what a ſtrange kind of a world do we live in! Mercy on me! why a young woman who has money, you ſee, can't pay a common viſit without being in danger; for how can ſhe tell but, in paying that viſit, ſhe may ſet her foot into the web of an old ſpider, who ſits with deſign, watching to catch the poor fly?

I hope Revel's jaunt to Bath will not anſwer his end: As to you, if he had any deſigns—(and I can't tell, for my aunt Montague now recollects part of a converſation able to create ſome ſuſpicions of that nature). It ſeems, after Mrs Temple had expreſſed her vaſt concern for my abſence, ſhe aſked my aunt if it was really true Lord S. paid his addreſſes to me. Mrs Montague anſwered, ſhe thought it was then ſo generally believed and talked of, as to remain a doubt in the breaſt of no one.

Miſs Harrington is a charming Lady, ſaid Mrs Temple; ſhe deſerves a Lord. She has a ſiſter at Bath, Madam, has ſhe not? and another in Hampſhire, whom I ſhould have mentioned firſt as being the

elder? Three incomparable ladies, all the Miſs Harringtons! Fame, I can tell you, Madam, is very laviſh in their praiſe.

Not more than they deſerve, replied the Captain; at leaſt if the other two are as deſerving as the Miſs Harrington I have the honour to be acquainted with. Are the other ladies, Madam, of the ſame ſweet turn Miſs Julia is?

No, Sir, neither of them, anſwered Mrs Montague; my eldeſt niece is remarkable for ſolid judgment; her turn is rather grave, that is, ſerious I ſhould ſay, for ſhe is very chearful at times, though never flighty, like her ſiſter Julia. Julia is all life and ſpirit, a ſad mad giddy girl! but I muſt not find too much fault with her, ſince I believe at the ſame age Arabella Montague, though a married woman, was to the full as gay as Julia Harrington.

But Cordelia! ſhe is the meekeſt creature, indeed rather too much ſo; her exceſſive eaſineſs of temper, if ſhe is not taken proper care of, may lead her into as bad difficulties as the gaiety of Julia may:

may: Exceſſive good-nature, you know, Mrs Temple, is liable to be impoſed upon, eſpecially by an artful man now for inſtance, who ſhould be allured by her ten thouſand pounds.

She is very young, Madam, is ſhe not, ſaid the Captain? Yes, Sir, replied my aunt, not quite eighteen, I think. Very pretty, Madam? Generally thought ſo, Sir: But what do you lead me to? how improper thus for me to praiſe my own nieces! I beg the ſubject may be dropt.

It was ſo it ſeems; yes, Cordelia, the *packer* and the *ſetter* had got the intelligence they wanted concerning you. A good full point too has ſince been made at the little bird by the ſetter, I think; but it eſcaped the net, it flew up directly, and diſconcerted all his art. Yes, ſiſter, I do really think Captain Revel went down to Bath as much upon your account as Miſs Millar's; and that he may get neither is my ſincere wiſh. I much approve your deſign of getting Mrs Stanhope to give her a caution; for I really am of opinion, that it is the duty of one

woman to prevent another from ſacrificing herſelf to a worthleſs wretch, if by any means, not injurious to herſelf, ſhe can do ſo. What a ſad packer I ſhould make with ſuch notions as theſe, though: Vile reptiles theſe! they ought to be extirpated, the whole race of them; what a world of miſchief may they not do elſe among poor unwary girls!

It is ſo near my heart I can't help mentioning that Lord C. every hour riſes in my eſteem. Indeed, I think our ſiſter can't fail of being one of the happieſt of women; which that ſhe may, and joining likewiſe my dear Cordelia in the ſame wiſh, ſhall conclude the epiſtle of your affectionate

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XLVII.

Miſs CORDELIA to Miſs JULIA HARRINGTON.

Bath, Feb. 6.

OH, Julia! I could beat you, indeed I could, and don't you deſerve it? Was

Was it not very unmerciful in you, upon the immediate diſcovery of a wound, to probe it ſo deeply. But, however, as the beſt method I can think of, in order to ſtop the career of your raillery upon the ſubject for the future, I'll at once confeſs your penetration juſt, and now I hope your generoſity will be wrought upon to ſpare me.

Yet, ſiſter, you muſt believe me ſincere in the following declaration. I really, till you put me into a fright which made me look about me, did not know I poſſeſt any thing for Colonel Stanhope, beyond that common regard which one owes to every perſon of merit, and are apt to beſtow upon one's friends alike, without diſtinction of ſexes. But now, upon ſearching my heart very narrowly, I find lurking in one corner of it, a ſort of tender uneaſineſs I cannot well deſcribe; which uneaſineſs, however, I am ſenſible of only when the Colonel is abſent, for it is immediately diſſipated whenever he appears. This penſiveneſs, however, I have experienced for ſome

time, but I ſuſpected not the real cauſe from whence it ſprang, and intirely attributed it to the death of my father ſtill affecting me, and not yet properly got over.

My aunt too has of late taken notice of my being at times rather grave and thoughtful, and kindly enquired the reaſon of it; to which I uſed to anſwer—Is it wonderful, Madam, that I cannot diveſt myſelf of ſorrow?—Conſider the loſs I have ſo very lately had, of one of the beſt of parents! Then Mrs Crawford, who was as much deceived in this particular as myſelf, would reaſon with me on the ſubject of my father's death, and try to comfort me. She would endeavour to prove, that to ſuffer too ſtrong impreſſions of grief to ſeize one's mind on ſuch occaſions, was not right. And then, making uſe of an expedient which never failed to raiſe my ſpirits, ſhe uſed to ſend to Mrs Stanhope, and her brother, requeſting them to come and try to divert her poor niece. They generally were ſo kind as to comply with her

her requeſt, and being my aunt's very particular friends, ſhe would make no ſort of ſcruple to tell them her mind very freely upon moſt occaſions; ſo when they came upon ſuch charitable viſits as theſe, ſhe would purſue her advice upon the ſubject of my grief, often begging the Colonel to uſe his endeavours to relieve me.

He, ever compliant to the requeſt of a Lady, never refuſed his aid, and would then enter into ſuch charming converſations with me upon various ſubjects. For indeed, ſiſter, the ſubjects were various, he never chooſing any which were in the leaſt particular, or which could tend to make me think his heart ſuſceptible of any higher regard for me, than that of a moſt noble, diſintereſted friendſhip.

Yet now you point it out, I can diſcover his art in all this, and that it was a way more likely to ſucceed with me, than diſcloſing or giving the ſlighteſt intimation of a paſſion for me: For doubtleſs, before my affections were engaged, his want of fortune would have been a very

very ſtriking objection. A woman, I believe, at the very beginning of affairs of this nature, while her heart is tolerably free, ſeldom cares to enter into engagements with a man merely upon reverſionary expectations. Therefore, thoſe men whoſe circumſtances are in ſuch a ſituation, muſt act with great caution; they muſt begin upon the footing of friendſhip, making that a veil to cover their paſſion, until ſome very evident marks appear in their favour on the Lady's ſide of the queſtion, and then they may venture to make their propoſals ſafely, ſince the poor woman has in her own breaſt as powerful a pleader for them, as all their perſuaſive, artful tongues can utter.

Thus—but where am I running? Is not my ſiſter Conſtantia to ſee this letter? without all doubt Julia will ſhew it to her. And how poor, how very poor, in her eye muſt appear my endeavours to expatiate upon a ſubject I can't be ſuppoſed to have much knowledge of, being ſo lately initiated into the ſcience of love? I ought rather carefully to attend

to

to the obſervations of others who have wrote upon it, and not pretend myſelf to give lectures.

But the Colonel, if he proceeds as he has hitherto done, will really make me quite vain, he pays ſuch great deference (not compliments) to my underſtanding. Now, Julia, perhaps I may not ſpeak properly, or ſo as to make this clear, but indeed there is a great difference between the one and the other, between complimenting the underſtanding of a woman, and paying an high regard, a deference to it, as I ſaid before. I wiſh I had Conſtantia's pen, or rather her knowledge, for ſhe could inſtantly explain this point, I make no doubt. But I'll quit the taſk, which I own to be above my capacity to perform.

Mrs Stanhope I think, my dear, muſt be in her brother's ſecret, ſince ſhe omits no opportunities of bringing us together; but on the contrary (as now you have opened my eyes I can plain enough diſcover) has all along done whatever lay in her to promote frequent viſits between her

her family and ours; and ſhe has during thoſe viſits (without all doubt purpoſely) engaged my aunt in particular converſations, when you ſee the Colonel was left at full liberty to entertain me.

One propoſal this Lady made too, ſome time ſince, which however my aunt to be ſure was the occaſion of, by ſaying, that the uneaſineſs ſhe obſerved to hang upon my mind, ſhe was fearful would in the end injure my health. Dear Mrs Stanhope, what can be done for the poor girl?

Nothing, Madam, anſwered ſhe, in caſes of this nature is better than exerciſe; does Miſs love riding?

I ſtayed not to let Mrs Crawford reply, but anſwered for her: Yes, Mrs Stanhope, indeed I do, I uſed to ride a great deal when I was in Hampſhire, but my poor little horſe is now dead.

I wiſh we could get another for you my dear, ſaid my aunt, we will endeavour at it as ſoon as we can.

You need not ſeek far, Madam, replied the Colonel, who was preſent, for

I have one at Miſs Harrington's ſervice, that I can warrant in all reſpects fit for a Lady to ride. And, Madam, if I may hope ſo great a favour, permit me to attend your niece in thoſe airings, it will greatly oblige me.

Dear Sir, anſwered my aunt, indeed I can't think of giving you ſo much trouble.

Trouble, repeated Mrs Stanhope! I am ſure he will think it none. Pray, Mrs Crawford, let him go, for he has been ordered to ride for his health, only was too lazy ſo to do.

Well, Julia, the ſcheme of the brother and ſiſter took; (if it really was a ſcheme laid between them, as indeed I think it appears to be; what is your opinion?) My aunt, good woman, ſuſpected nothing, ſhe was quite pleaſed with any thing which could in the leaſt degree tend to my advantage, ſo ſhe at once complied; and after that, every morning when the weather would permit, the Colonel and I, atttended by his ſervant, and one of my aunts, have rode

for

for about a couple of hours upon Landsdown, or Claverton, both charming places for ſuch kind of airings; and certain it is, I received benefit from theſe rides, I don't know what the Colonel did, or if his health was mended. But I never, let me go out in ever ſo low ſpirits, failed of returning in a very chearful, happy humour, which you, Julia, may attribute to the air, exerciſe, or what elſe you pleaſe. My aunt, however, received great pleaſure at the alteration it gave my ſpirits, and this made her very deſirous that I ſhould continue my rides.

Such frequent opportunities, you may depend upon it, were not loſt upon the gentleman, who uſed to charm me in theſe private converſations beyond meaſure:

For he would talk! good gods! how he would talk.

as queen Statira ſays of her beloved Alexander.

I

I believe I may have mentioned to you before, that I uſed to ride out with the Colonel, but as I then ſuſpected no art in the caſe, I did not tell you how it came about.

And now, my Julia, I muſt conſult you concerning a point I really can't properly ſolve. It is what I can't anſwer to the ſatisfaction of my own conſcience. Mrs Stanhope's behaviour on this occaſion—

She is, without all diſpute, a very ſenſible woman, and, I really believe, a very good woman—But then if ſhe actually did (as I think ſhe muſt) know of her brother's deſigns upon me, ought ſhe not, profeſſing, as ſhe ever has done from our firſt acquaintance, ſo high a regard for me, to have apprized me of thoſe deſigns, inſtead of helping him to ſucceed in them?

She is to be ſure my ſuperior greatly in wiſdom, and therefore may better than I underſtand what is right in ſuch caſes; but in my opinion, if I do at all unſterſtand them, or judge in the leaſt properly

upon them, it appears to me that ſhe has not, if ſhe has acted in the manner I ſuſpect, done abſolutely right; though I will not pronounce that ſhe has done abſolutely wrong neither, ſince ſhe may plead a motive for ſo doing—a very ſtrong one—the happineſs of her brother! if it is really true, that his happineſs depends upon having me—this may excuſe her. So you ſee, ſiſter, one never ſhould haſtily condemn any perſon, becauſe, when the argument comes to be fairly tried, what ſurpriſing turns it will ſometimes take in the favour of thoſe, we before thought guilty. I am called away. Peggy ſays, I am wanted below.

* *

Oh, ſiſter! I am in ſuch a flutter! bleſs me! it will never be over I think—what ſhall I do? I don't know how to write—and yet I muſt; for unleſs I tell you all about it, the big event moſt certainly will burſt my heart—Well, it was ſo unexpected!

expected! what ſhall I do? ſuch uneven trembling lines—they will ſpeak my ſituation—but how fooliſhly I preamble! Mrs Stanhope was the perſon who wanted me.

When I entered the room where ſhe was—Dear Miſs Harrington, ſaid ſhe, I am come with my brother's compliments to Mrs Crawford and you. He begs me to plead in his favour, and induce you to forgive the rudeneſs he was forced to commit, in leaving Bath without firſt paying his reſpects to ladies, from whom he has received many obligations.

(My aunt was gone to church)—How, Madam, cried I, quite thunder-ſtruck! indeed, ſiſter, her words ſeemed to have given my heart ſuch a ſtrange kind of ſhock as I can't deſcribe the nature of very well, it was ſo very odd a feel; firſt it ſeemed deprived of any motion at all, and then began to flutter to ſuch a degree, as if it would have jumped out at my mouth, in order to get a little freſh air, and beat at liberty, in a place of leſs confinement than my poor breaſt—for a

little while I could not ſpeak, but at length got out—

Gone! ſay you? left Bath! dear Mrs Stanhope (taking her hand) what! what! Lord bleſs me!

Sweet innocence, anſwered ſhe, ſmiling. Oh, my happy brother! happy! Mrs Stanhope, cried I haſtily—happy! what makes him ſo? Does going in ſuch a precipitate way from Bath make him happy?

I hope the conſequences of his journey will, ſaid ſhe. Laſt night, a man came poſt with a letter for him which imported, that his uncle, Sir James Stanhope, lay at the point of death, quite given over by his phyſicians, in a violent fit of his old diſorder, the gout in his ſtomach; but begged, if poſſible, to ſee his nephew before he died.

Thus you find, my dear, it was neceſſary for the Colonel immediately to depart. He delayed not, but inſtantly preparing for his journey, ſet out at three this morning; but before he went, he left a ſtrict charge with me, to wait upon

upon you, and make his excuſes for departing without ſeeing you, a thing you find in ſuch circumſtances impoſſible; therefore, I am ſure you'll pardon the ſeeming neglect, ſince you are no ſtranger to the occaſion of it.

I burſt into tears in ſpite of all my endeavours to reſtrain them; and in order in ſome ſort to apologize for them, I ſaid, Poor Sir James! if he is ſtill alive, what dreadful pain he doubtleſs ſuffers. The gout in the ſtomach, Mrs Stanhope, is a moſt ſad pain; I once ſaw a perſon in it.

Is not a pain in the heart very dreadful too, my dear? replied ſhe.

A pain in the heart, Madam?

Yes, my dear Miſs Harrington, had you never a pain there? or did you never ſee any body who laboured under that kind of diſeaſe, as well as my uncle's gout, which your ſweet tears ſo charmingly pity him for?

Here my aunt came in, and releaſed me from the artful Mrs Stanhope's en-

quiries, who elſe, doubtleſs, would have found out my love for her brother.

But alas! has ſhe not found me out already? What other conſtruction, except that of loving him, could a woman of her great penetration poſſibly put upon the diſcompoſure both my words and actions diſcovered, when I heard he had left Bath? And my tears! my fooliſh unguarded tears! Is it likely that people ſhould cry for the pain and ſickneſs of folks they never ſaw, or are ſo little acquainted with, even by character, as I am with Sir James?

No, no, Cordelia, depend upon it thy ſecret has eſcaped thee; thou art moſt certainly detected.

But, Julia, if Mrs Stanhope herſelf has found me out, ſurely ſhe won't expoſe me to any body elſe? She won't tell her brother? That would be wholly unpardonable in her if ſhe did, don't you think ſo? And yet, I can't tell what to hope—For as ſhe has all along ſeemed attached to his intereſt, and by all the means in her power, endeavoured to promote him

in

in my favour; now ſhe finds he has ſo high a place in it, if ſuch a knowledge will give him ſatisfaction, have I not cauſe to fear ſhe will give him that knowledge? I am, you know, ſiſter, only her *friend;* a friend newly entered in her liſt. He is her *brother*, and a great friend to her; a benefactor I am apt to believe in her huſband's abſence, who from lying ſome time unemployed before he got the command of the ſhip he is now Captain of, I believe was not in extraordinary circumſtances, ſo could not leave his Lady in any great abundance when he went away.

Now with ſuch high obligations as on this account, I am pretty certain ſhe has from the Colonel, may I not reaſonably fear ſhe will endeavour in ſome degree to return them, by diſcloſing to him the folly of the ſimple unguarded Cordelia Harrington? Simple indeed, but taken ſo unawares, how could ſhe act? What could ſhe do?

* *

Feb.

Feb. 7.

I would not cloſe this letter laſt night, becauſe I was to ſpend the evening with my aunt at Mrs Stanhope's, where I hoped to gain ſome intelligence concerning Miſs Millar, ſo left it open that I might this morning inſert whatever I ſhould chance to meet with.

Mrs Stanhope is become acquainted with Miſs Millar, and invited her to meet Mrs Crawford and me. She is, Julia, a very clever, a very ſenſible woman; about five and twenty ſhe appears to be. Oh, how unlike her brother! according to your account of him, which I don't queſtion the truth of, ſince ſhe cares to ſay very little about him; and when that is the caſe, I always am apt to think there is not any great good to be ſaid; for doubtleſs, ſiſters would be fond of raiſing a brother's merit, if they could do it by any other methods than at the expence of truth.

Mrs Stanhope, after tea, led to the diſcourſe I wanted to bring up concerning Captain Revel, by ſaying, I wonder Miſs Harrington,

Harrington, who will be your partner during my brother's abſence? You, Miſs Millar, are ſtill happy in retaining yours.

Not very happy, Madam, returned ſhe, I can aſſure you; he is a far greater favourite of Sir Harry's than mine. I always chooſe to be civil to thoſe people my brother ſeems to eſteem, and that is the reaſon I dance with him here. He is intimately acquainted with all your family, Miſs Harrington. I ſmiled, and not immediately anſwering, ſhe went on, Nay, Madam, I have ever made it a rule, not to ſet down all Captain Revel ſays for ſtrict truth. Come, dear Lady, don't be afraid of offending me in the perſon of my beau; tell me the reaſon of that expreſſive ſmile, which ſat on your face when I aſked you the foregoing queſtion?

Are you really a ſtranger to the true character of Captain Revel, Miſs Millar? ſaid I.

I am, Miſs Harrington; 'twas thro' my brother I became acquainted with him. Sir Harry, for what reaſon I know not, is very fond of the man. It now ſeems

to

to be dropt; but there uſed to be a great rout made about ſome very high piece of ſervice the Captain was to do for him.

Oh, Julia! I could have told her what it was, but did not, you may be ſure; however, I briefly told her the kind of character he in general bears--of his impudent manner of endeavouring to get acquainted with me, by pretending a meſſage from you, &c. and in the end, I believe, entirely did his buſineſs for him.

The Lady very genteely thanked me for the information I had given her—ſaid ſhe was glad ſhe had found him out. For, do you know, ladies, continued ſhe, he has had the aſſurance to make love to me, and has been aſſiſted too in it by thoſe who ought to have had my intereſt more at heart, I think. But I never much approved him; I never encouraged him, ſo ſhall now very ſhortly give him a final diſcharge.

Poor man! So Julia, he muſt again go to London, and rely ſtill upon his couſin the packer. My aunt and I are greatly pleaſed with the title, and think it vaſtly expreſſive,

expreſſive, ſo does Mrs Stanhope and Miſs Millar; for having the letter in my pocket, I read the account of the viſit to my aunt Montague, and the converſation between you and my brother relating to it, the more fully to give Miſs Millar a notion of her beau.

Well, I do rejoice ſhe is not to be caught by him; but ſhe is a woman of ſenſe, ſo no great fear ſhe ſhould; ſhe won't be entangled like ſuch a ſimple fool as I. This love, which the poets write ſuch fine ſoft things about, how contrary its effects on me! For in a ſtrange kind of tumult at preſent is the breaſt of

Your

CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XLVIII.

Miſs JULIA to Miſs CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

New Bond-Street, Feb. 12.

I WILL begin a letter, ſiſter, but God knows when I ſhall end it. I am quite full of news, and no time to write

write. I therefore muſt ſnatch every little opportunity I can find, in the hurrying ſituation we are in at preſent, and make my epiſtle a piece of patch work.

Firſt, a word or two concerning the firſt part of yours—Since my dear girl ſo candidly owns her true ſtate of mind and heart, I will be all the ſiſter; I won't add to the pretty little flutters ſhe feels in her breaſt, by rallying her upon them. But pray, my dear, write to me again very ſoon. I ſhall long to hear an account of the manner in which Sir—— Stanhope behaves to you on his return to Bath; and this curioſity, Cordelia, I make no ſort of queſtion you will gratify, ſince I ſhall encourage you ſo to do, by the minute relation I ſhall ſend you of all that paſſes here. For inſtance now, Mrs P. my mantua-maker is in the next room, Jenny tells me, with my ſuit of cloaths to try on—Here is an important article for you.

* *

You

You can't think what a fine figure now is writing to you, red and ſilver from top to toe, fitted to a nicety. Gown juſt what I would wiſh it. Mrs P. is running up a little bit of trimming which I think will be an addition; and I am ſo vaſtly notable, I don't care to loſe a moment's time, therefore write till ſhe has done. Here ſhe comes——

* *

Undreſſed, ſtriped of all my gay feathers, and am the poor black daw again; but I muſt not trifle, I have not time. Bleſs me! the milliner with my head and ſuch like trumpery---Hey, hey! no end of buſineſs---Shoe-maker too---Well, I ſhall ſurely in time be quite equipped. My ſiſter is juſt in the ſame ſituation in another room, where ſhe holds her levee; aunt Montague with her, uſing, good woman, her beſt endeavours to ſupport the poor creature in the arduous taſk of trying on all her finery, for---aye, for what? That is what diſcompoſes her.

You'll know how it is, Cordelia, when you come as near being married to your Colonel.

* *

Feb. 13.

Vaſt buſineſs to be tranſacted to day---ſigning and ſealing againſt the *tremendous* to-morrow, as our ſiſter calls it. Poor girl! now it comes ſo near the point ſhe is juſt frighted out of her wits. But Lord C. he does ſo nobly behave upon the occaſion; ſuch becoming ſpirit, yet ſuch ſweet tenderneſs mixed with it, that upon my life I could almoſt find in my heart to beat my ſiſter for behaving ſo like a fool. She had beſt take care, I can tell her, for if ſhe puts me upon my mettle, I may chance to give her a fling ſhe won't like. Yet I will be grave, I will be as ſober, as circumſpect upon this very *ſolemn* occaſion, as I poſſibly can. Oh, mercy on me! here comes the tragedy queen, juſt now entering the door of my chamber, that of my cloſet ſtands upon

upon the jar, ſo I can ſee her---Such a ſweet diſconſolate figure---She has heard perhaps the diſconſolate attitude is the moſt becoming. Did you ever ſee a mute at a funeral, Cordelia? If you have, it will give you a pretty juſt notion of hers that is now approaching me; ſhe openeth the cloſet door. I am writing to Cordelia, ſiſter, have you any thing to ſay to her?

No, no. Pray, good Madam, hold---Indeed, I vow you ſhall not. She wanted, my dear, to ſee what I had been writing, but I would not let her, ſo ſhe is gone away, begging me to follow her down inſtantly. I muſt go, for I ſuppoſe the lawyers are come. Oh, her heart! now I'll warrant, how it flutters. As to mine, I can't brag of it. I do love my ſiſter, and I think I have caught her tremors by ſympathy; I will follow her and ſee what is doing below.

* *

Even as I thought; for in the parlour, upon a large table, lay parchments upon

parchments---no end of them. Such a quantity---ſurely a lawyer muſt be a very profitable buſineſs, or elſe they let us have a great deal for money.

I will write a play, Cordelia—No, a farce, I think, I had better call it; for I fancy that title will better ſuit the purport of what is dictated by ſuch an head, and written by ſuch a pen as mine.

Act the firſt. Nay, hold---I muſt give my farce a name though. What ſhall I call it?——Oh! *The Prelude to Matrimony.*——Now then——

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene a large parlour in Mrs Montague's houſe; a table ſpread with parchments. Lord C. Sir William Harrington, Mrs Montague, ſitting on one ſide ---Gentlemen of the quill, gown, &c. on the other.

Enter Miſs Conſtantia, and Miſs Julia Harrington, the former leaning upon the arm of the latter. In one hand a white handkerchief, together with a bottle

tle of ſalts, and her eyes looking like the ſun juſt breaking through a cloud, from whence a gentle ſhower had lately fallen.

Lord C. on their approach, riſes to meet them, takes Miſs Harrington's hand, and, leading her to a chair, thus ſpeaks, while Miſs Julia ſeats herſelf near Mrs Montague.

Lord C. Why trembles ſo my charmer? Deareſt Madam, be compoſed; for really your too great anxiety of mind on this occaſion quite diſtreſſes me.

Miſs H. Excuſe, my Lord, a woman's weakneſs. Impute not, I beg you, to a wrong cauſe, my evident, too evident concern: Behold yon papers---*(pointing to the table.)* Do they not ſtrike you with awe? Conſider that——

Lord C. I do conſider, and thence ſprings my joy; ſince I look upon them as the kind preludes to the greateſt happineſs my thoughts can frame—calling you mine for ever.

I don't love to dwell too long upon one thing, Cordelia, ſo ſhall only ſay, that a great deal more of the like paſſed between them as his Lordſhip leaned over the back of her chair; but they ſpoke in ſo low a voice that I believe no one except myſelf heard what they ſaid, for I ſat cloſe by my ſiſter. At length, the ſoothings of the ſwain prevailed; the nymph was re-aſſured, and ſat with tolerable compoſure, while — to proceed with the farce—

The lawyer reads over the articles of ſettlement, &c. no objections to which being made, Lord C. moſt manfully ſigns them, then comes to Miſs Harrington, takes her hand; ſhe riſes, leans one arm upon her ſiſter, and walks towards the table---all her flutters, all her palpitations of heart returning. Mean while Miſs Julia Harrington whiſpers her.

Indeed, ſiſter, you act your part very well, and ſhew an exceeding good memory; ſince I believe you have not read a fellow ſcene to this, as deſcribed in Sir Charles Grandiſon, a great while. And

as

as you have gone on ſo well hitherto, don't, I beg you, forget the material part; remember when the pen is given you, you are to drop it. This will have a very pretty effect; it will give his Lordſhip a fine opportunity of ſaying ſoft things to you, of taking up the pen, placing it in your hand, which hand is to tremble. Pray don't forget to let your hand tremble; and then he will hold it for you, and guide the pen while you write your name.

Miſs H. Wicked, wicked girl, how can you?---

Lord C. What is Miſs Julia ſaying?

Miſs H. All that ſhe can to add to my confuſion, which, I muſt ſay, is not quite kind---ſhe ought to ſupport, and not diſtreſs her ſiſter.

Lord C. Her lively ſpirits may be in time brought down; ſome few months hence, Miſs Julia, you may properly know how to judge, what now your ſiſter feels.

Miſs Julia. And perhaps not, my Lord.

Being

Being arrived at the table, Miſs Harrington writes her name without any help—Then follow all neceſſary forms, after which the limbs of the law depart, and all the company. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The End of Act the First.

I am called down to tea, but will finiſh this letter when I come up in order to go to bed, that I may ſend it away by to-morrow's poſt, elſe it will make two days difference in going to you, for I think *to-morrow* I ſhan't find any time for writing.

* *

Twelve at night.

I did not teize my ſiſter all the evening, and her Lord behaved to her in ſuch a manner as diſpelled all her concern. Such a man as this Lord C.! I think I never knew his fellow.

My Lord and I happening to be cut out at the ſame time at whiſt, ſat together upon a ſettee by the fire, when, after a while, he took my hand, raptu-

rouſly

rouſly kiſſed it, and at the ſame time heaved a vehement ſigh! which ſigh ended in a kind of groan.

Is not your Lordſhip well? ſaid I.

I have no illneſs, Miſs Harrington, but what you can cure. Oh, happy! happy Lord C.! ſo near the attainment of his utmoſt wiſhes---while I---I who have longer ſerved than him by months, am not yet come ſo much as to a diſtant proſpect of that bliſs, I make the aim of my whole endeavours to arrive at.

Surely you are not ſo vain, replied I, to ſet yourſelf upon a footing with Lord C.? Are your merits think you comparable to his? No, no, honeſt friend, if they were put into two ſcales, depend upon it, yours would immediately hit the beam.

This ſadly nettled him. No, Madam, anſwered he, at the ſame time reddening, I don't pretend to compare myſelf with Lord C. I don't know the man who can; and give me leave to ſay, that as he excels all men in merit, I can't tell where we ſhall find a Lady who, with any great

degree

degree of juſtice, can pretend to put herſelf in competition with Miſs Harrington. Therefore you ſee, Miſs Julia, other people if they were not made fools of, need not entirely deſpair; for every woman is not a *Conſtantia*, any more than every man a *Lord C.*

Don't you think, Cordelia, he was even with me, and will you believe it? Meeting with a ſpirit in him which I did not expect, I was rather diſconcerted. In ſhort I knew not what, or how to anſwer him; and therefore, putting on a ſeeming indifference, to hide my inability to reply, I hummed a tune, got up, and went to look over my aunt Montague's game---ſaying, do you think you ſhall win your rubber?

Yes, my dear, I fancy I ſhall, replied ſhe. You loſt the laſt you played, did you not?

Lord S. an audacious monkey, anſwered for me---Yes, Madam, poor Miſs Julia, really loſt---but I was ſo happy to win---I ſhall ſet it down for the firſt time too. He had the aſſurance while he ſaid this,

this, to look at me with a moſt ſaucy meaning in his great eyes, naſty grey ſtaring things. I have thought them handſome at times, but they looked quite ugly juſt then. I hated him, and all that belonged to him, at that inſtant, I am ſure. I moved towards him, now hoping to vex, but I only ſtill farther urged my own mortification. Man, ſaid I, if thou art not more civil, I won't play at cards any more. I'll go up to my cloſet, and write till ſupper time.

He bowed with a prodigious complaiſant air, ſaying, Juſt as you pleaſe, Madam, I always chooſe to let the ladies purſue their own inclinations.

How, wretch! cried I, quite loud; upon which my brother, turning round his head, aſked what was the matter?

Nothing, nothing, Sir William, replied my tormentor; but I, not able to keep down my rage, repeated with a ſtrong emphaſis, Nothing? Do you call it nothing, Lord S.?

Your opinion, Miſs Harrington, and mine often vary. Pleaſe, therefore, if you

you chooſe it, to give Sir William the true merits of the cauſe, and let him be moderator between us.

Why thou provoking devil, cried I, what in the name of wonder is come to thee?

Now down went the cards of Sir William, my aunt, Lord C. and my ſiſter; all of them with a ſmile on their faces (a ſmile which in my opinion made them all look quite ugly) enquiring into the nature of our diſpute---but they loſt their labour, for the wretch did not tell them, and you may be ſure I would not, having in the diſpute come off ſo much with the worſt.

And now I am as mad with myſelf, as I then was with him, for quitting the field at a time when the enemy had gained ſuch an advantage over me. How could I be ſo fooliſh, to be out-done by him in that particular which had ever been my advantage, my only advantage over him, repartee? May I not reaſonably expect he will greatly plume himſelf upon this conqueſt, and rally all his forces againſt

gainſt the next attack, forming hopes of intirely defeating me?

Which in the end will now be the caſe, I do really believe. The wretch, I can find, gains ground upon me every day, for I am continually loſing ſome advantage or other I have; yes, yes, I can well enough now perceive, I have a kind of regard for the creature, I never ſhould be able to conquer. This *love*, Cordelia? what a ſtrange, ſubtile kind of a thief it is! How it creeps, and ſteals upon one by degrees, even before one is ſenſible of its approach taking faſt hold.

Well, well, however, I don't care if I am in love now, ſince I have the example of both my ſiſters to keep me in countenance. Even Conſtantia! the incomparable Conſtantia! that Lady with whom none of his Lordſhip's acquaintance can, with any degree of juſtice, pretend to put themſelves in competition! this inimitable piece of perfection! this ſuperior excellence of nature! ſhe has loved. And ſurely, the inferior Ju-

lia need not be aſhamed of following ſuch a bright example—ſuch—but hold! what am I doing? Naughty Jenny, I bid her get me ſome freſh ink this afternoon, and ſhe has given me all gall, I fancy, inſtead of it.

Dear Cordelia, forgive me, I am really aſhamed of what I have wrote; had any other woman done ſo, and my eyes ſuffered to glance over the paper, I ſhould have immediately pronounced her gone! gone paſt redemption! for but too true is the following obſervation, that a man may be certain he is not indifferent to a woman; but, on the contrary, may aſſure himſelf he has great conſequence with her, if what he ſays in commendation of another of her ſex, is able to ruffle her temper, making either her tongue or pen expreſs themſelves in ſpiteful terms, thereby diſcovering that ſhe is piqued.

For the world now I would not have Lord S. ſee what I have been writing; for though I own to you, my dear, the advantage he has now gained over me;

I intend, as little as poſſible, to let him ſee it for ſome time to come. It is very well; and I believe, what every woman would chooſe to have in view, a certain proſpect of ſettling when ſhe has a mind to ſettle; for which reaſon, I determine not to loſe the hold I at preſent have over Lord S. ſince I really intend, ſome time or other, heaven knows when, to marry him. But let folks ſay what they will in praiſe of the married life, I can't think it comparable to the ſingle, at leaſt while a woman is handſome, young, and has an affluence of fortune ſufficient to let her partake of all the innocent gaieties of life. I am, indeed I am, too much a coquet at heart, but too true is the charge of that kind my ſiſter has often laid againſt me. Now if the character of a coquet is ever excuſable, it muſt be in a ſingle woman; for a wife and a coquet blended together, would make a moſt vile compoſition, even in the opinion of your mad-pated Julia. Therefore, as whenever I do marry, I intend to make an extraordinary good

wife; I never will marry till I am certain I ſhould be capable of ſo doing; till I have had my fill of vanity, and am convinced of the folly of thoſe purſuits which now appear ſo attractive, and charm me beyond meaſure. And certainly Lord S. has no great reaſon to complain; can he juſtly call me a coquet, when I declare, I really intend ſome time or other to reward all his ſervices and marry him?

I dared not for the life of me have wrote in this manner to Conſtantia; no, nor muſt I let her ſee it, if I do—but I won't, for late as it is, I'll ſeal up the letter to night; or rather to ſpeak more properly, before I go to bed, for it is near two; and then I ſhall be ſafe from a lecture. The gentle, ſoft Cordelia, will ſpare her ſiſter; and if ſhe does not, I can be even with her, I can aſk her who cried upon a certain occaſion? But ſtop pen, ſtop—that is a ſubject I have promiſed not to touch upon. I had better not truſt myſelf with a beginning, ſince ſo great is the impetuoſity of my nature,

nature, I can't tell where to ſtop, if I once ſuffer myſelf to enter upon any thing.

I really begin to grow ſleepy, ſo will leave off writing, ſeal up this letter that it may be ſent away in the morning, and then go to bed, where, in the arms of ſleep, I hope to gain an ample recruit of ſpirits to ſupport ſome other people, in caſe theirs ſhould happen to flag during the time a certain ceremony is performing about ten hours hence. Adieu, my dear, whether at this inſtant, ſleeping or waking, all happineſs is wiſhed you, by

Your

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER XLIX.

In Continuation.

Feb. 15. *Nine in the Morning.*

AT length the day of days is over, and our ſiſter taken out of our family, and tranſplanted into that of C.

His Lordſhip! how nobly! how like himſelf did he behave yeſterday? and Conſtantia, following as far as ſhe was able the bright example he ſet her, did not make the deplorable figure I really feared ſhe would have done.

Perhaps now, Cordelia, you expect me to give you a minute account of every word and action which paſſed yeſterday; but, my dear, if ſuch are your expectations, you will be diſappointed in them, I can aſſure you, for I ſhall not do it. The wedding-days of moſt people, I fancy, are ſpent pretty much after the ſame manner, and therefore to ſave myſelf the trouble of telling you all how and about it, I refer you to any of thoſe authors who have treated upon the ſubject, expatiating largely thereon, where you may read and apply juſt as you think proper, ſince in my deſcription I ſhall be very brief.

Conſtantia was dreſſed in her white ſattin negligee, ſhoes, ribbons, &c. all white according to cuſtom on ſuch occaſions, from head to foot a perfect ſnow-drop.

drop. She looked vaſtly pretty, indeed I never ſaw her fine perſon appear to greater advantage; and no one in company could pretend to diſpute with her the prize of beauty, except it was her Lord—he—I never ſaw a man look ſo charming.

All the reſt of us, viz. Mrs Montague, Lord S. Sir William, Miſs Randall, and myſelf, were dreſſed all in new. The other two ladies, as well as myſelf, in negligees. My ſiſter preſented Letitia with a very handſome one upon the occaſion, which of courſe ſhe wore—it became her mightily—ſhe has really a fine perſon, and I think it is improved greatly ſince ſhe came to London. A true jauntee manner of dreſſing is to be ſure a vaſt advantage.

The day was ſpent in a very chearful manner, ſo was the evening. But none of that frothy, indelicate mirth, which I have been told is generally the attendant upon ſuch occaſions, where there is a great deal of company, iſſued from the lips of any of the gentlemen. Indeed,

no

no hint was dropped that could give the leaſt occaſion for any of the ladies, not even the fearful, apprehenſive bride, to tinge her cheeks in crimſon.

I kept Miſs Randall with me all night, for I did not care, ſo late as it was before the company parted, to let her go, without any other woman, home in the coach with two ſuch gay young fellows as Lord S. and our brother. They left us at twelve.

I roſe at eight, my uſual hour, this morning, but Letitia is ſtill in bed faſt aſleep; now have I a great mind to puniſh her for her lazineſs, by putting her into a great fright. My brother you muſt know has a room, or rather a little cloſet adjoining to mine, where he keeps ſome of his cloaths to dreſs here ſometimes, when he is too lazy to go home to Groſvenor-ſquare. Now I am ſaid to be like my brother; I could put on a ſuit of his cloaths, and go to her bedſide—Lord, how ſhe would be frighted! I'll do it, I'll do it, 'tis ſuch a fine ſcheme I can't help putting it in execution.

tion. Have I time though? Yes; we don't breakfaſt till ten; my watch is too faſt, and but a quarter after nine—I'll ring for Jenny.

* *

Oh, I have had ſuch diverſion! a ſhort time equipped the beau. Into the chamber of the ſleeping maid he ſallied; he drew aſide the curtains, threw his arms about her, and with a kiſs awaked the frighted fair one—frighted indeed! ſhe ſtarted up! Lord, Sir William! what do you mean? Miſs Julia! dear Miſs Harrington, where are you? why did you leave me? Begone Sir William, inſtantly begone—for ſhame, how dare you thus intrude?

Dear Letitia, ſaid I, in a kind of whiſper, and claſped my arms about her—no one is near us. My whiſpering and her fright likewiſe aſſiſting me, ſhe did not diſcover the cheat by my voice, ſtill taking me for Sir William.

She

She is a girl of ſpirit and virtue too, I am ſure; for, on my attempting to kiſs her, ſhe puſhed me from her with great violence, and lifting up her hand, was going to hit me a blow, which might have made me repent my frolick, if I had not averted my face, for which it was deſigned.

Baſe man! ſaid ſhe, I charge you inſtantly begone; for the regard I have for your family I care not to expoſe you; but if you do not leave this room, I promiſe you I will.

Juſt at this inſtant, who ſhould enter the chamber but my ſiſter, who ſeeing Miſs Randall ſet upright in bed, ſuch viſible diſorder in her looks, and, as ſhe ſuppoſed, Sir William ſtanding at no great diſtance from her, ſhe was frighted too. Good heaven defend me! cried ſhe, what do I behold!---Brother, what mean you? What buſineſs have you here? Huſh, ſiſter, huſh! ſaid I; don't make a noiſe---only a frolick, I can aſſure you.

She

She was as much impoſed upon as poor Letitia. Surely there muſt be a very great likeneſs indeed between my brother and me, to paſs in this manner upon her too.

A frolick, Sir William, do you call it? anſwered Lady C. a moſt indecent one, I am ſure—Go down, go down.

The real Sir William now upon the ſtair-caſe, called out, Ladies, ladies, why don't you come to breakfaſt; it waits, and I am almoſt ſtarved—I vow, if you don't make haſte, Charles and I will come up, and help Miſs Randall and Julia to dreſs. Lord C. ſays his Lady is dreſt already.

Now how my ſiſter ſtood in amaze! How Letitia ſtared! Heaven, ſaid Lady C. what do I hear, or rather, what do I behold? My brother's voice for certain below—Then, figure, what art thou?

I pulled off my hat; and, throwing it aſide, at the ſame time putting my hands before me and curtſeying——Julia, Madam, anſwered I.

And

And ſo it is, as I hope to live, cried Miſs Randall. Oh, thou little wicked jade, to put me in ſuch a fright—I'll be even with you, that I will.

Again my brother called, ſo Lady C. was forced to go down in order to pacify him. Jenny came to us, locked the door, helped me to change my dreſs, and Letitia to riſe; after which we went down to breakfaſt, and by all the men were laughed at for a couple of idle girls, which imputation we rather choſe to bear, than own the true reaſon of our being ſo late ready to make our appearance, not chooſing to let the men know any thing of our frolick.

We have told none of them about it; but my aunt Montague is let into the ſecret, and laughed very heartily at my contrivance.

* *

Seven in the evening.

There being, as Letitia is ſtill here, a ſet without me, I have excuſed myſelf from

from playing at cards to night, ſaying, I wanted to write to you. Indeed I had need lay hold of all the opportunities I can; ſince for my part, I think, with all the diligence, and notwithſtanding I write ſo very faſt, I can hardly make my pen keep pace with the variety of incidents which now daily happen to employ it. I am at preſent many hours behind hand, for I muſt begin with what paſſed after breakfaſt this morning.

At breakfaſt we were all together the whole ſet; but ſoon after Mr Renholds (of whom you have doubtleſs heard me ſpeak before, an intimate acquaintance of my brother and Lord S.) called upon them, ſo they went out, and did not return till dinner time. But my aunt, Miſs Randall, Lord C. his Lady, (as I now muſt for the future call my ſiſter, tho' it ſeems vaſtly odd to me) and myſelf, ſpent a moſt agreeable morning together, till I went up to dreſs in order for dinner, when I wrote the account of my frolick.

Aunt Montague ſeems as much pleaſed with the wedding as if ſhe herſelf was married. I am delighted with being certain that my ſiſter is happy; and Miſs Randall, poor girl! if it was not for ſome private concerns of her own, is, I am ſure, ſo true a friend to our family, that ſhe would join, as heartily as any of us, in that ſerene, that ſubſtantial joy, which appeared in the countenances of us all this happy morning.

But my dear, will you believe me, I am exceſſively angry with Lord C. What, truly, becauſe his family eſtate is twelve thouſand a year, and ours not above ſix, he thinks he has a right to make us do juſt what he pleaſes. Oh, theſe men, Cordelia! ſuch ſtrange arbitrary creatures, all of them, even the very beſt; for I do really think Lord C. one of the very beſt; and yet he is a ſad man, as you ſhall hear. Juſt after Lord S. and my brother were gone, he took a little ſhagreen caſe out of his pocket, and, riſing, preſented it to me with a charming graceful air, that I muſt own.

No,

No, my Lord, ſaid I—at the ſame time putting both my hands behind me, I do not receive any preſents from gentlemen, I can aſſure you.

As a brother, I command you, replied he, ſmiling—How Miſs, diſpute my will!

Your will, returned I; very pretty truly---But pray, Sir, give yourſelf no airs, leſt you provoke me to take you down and make you look ſmall.

Here then, ſaid he, holding up the caſe very high, take me down---Peep at me, and ſee me look ſmall; that, Miſs Harrington, is what I want you to do.

I really did not underſtand him; but he, a reſolute creature, was reſolved to make me; ſo as I would not take the box with my hands, he laid it upon my lap.

Up jump'd I, down it fell, and in falling opened; when out tumbled ſome things which vehemently glittered by the reflection of the fire. I would not touch them; but ſhow, how very attractive it is to our ſex at what age ſoever! my aunt Montague could not re-

ſiſt the ſhining temptations, ſo took them up; when, upon examination, they proved to be the amiable portraits of Lord C. and his Lady in lockets for a pair of bracelets, and ſet round with diamonds of remarkable ſize and luſtre.

Dear Julia, ſaid my tranſported aunt! this is a preſent you can't, indeed you muſt not, refuſe. Here, nephew, (ſee, Cordelia, how very glibly that title runs off her tongue already) take the lockets, and make her wear them; put them on yourſelf upon her pretty white arms, which will be as great an ornament to your fine preſent, as your preſent will to them; for every body allows my niece, Julia, to have one of the handſomeſt arms and hands in the kingdom. Complaiſantly ſaid of my aunt this, was it not, ſiſter? and will you believe it? Oh, the folly of our ſex! I was weak enough to be pleaſed with the fine ſpeech, though it came only from the mouth of an old woman.

Miſs Randall, who now I ſuppoſe thought a fair opportunity offered her

of

of being in ſome meaſure even with me for the trick I had played her, ſaid nothing, but quitting the room, went to my cloſet and fetched down my bracelets, which lay upon the toilet. They are pretty enough of the kind; I bought the lockets juſt after you went out of town, and gave for them about fifty pounds; but the ſtrings were Mrs Montague's fine pearl necklace, than which to be ſure nothing could well be handſomer.

When Letitia returned, Lord C. immediately ſpied them in her hand. Charming girl, ſaid he, you are very kind; this was a good thought: Then taking the bracelets from her, and preſenting them, together with the new lockets, to his Lady; Dear Conſtantia, ſaid he, oblige me by making a proper alteration in theſe affairs.

She the day before, you know, had vowed obedience, and the vow being doubtleſs freſh in her memory, ſhe made not the leaſt heſitation to comply with the deſire of her Lord; and being ever

an ingenious kind of a girl, in about an hour ſhe took off the pearls from the old lockets and new ſtrung them to the others, after which moſt dutifully giving them to her huſband, he came to me, forcibly took my hands, and put on the bracelets; the wicked naughty Letitia helping him with all her might to perpetrate his miſchievous deſign.

Very well, Miſs Randall, ſaid I, you ſhall be paid for this ſervice I can tell you; for if I am not properly revenged of you before I am many days older, my name is not Julia Harrington.

Did not Miſs Harrington deſerve puniſhment at my hands, replied ſhe? don't you think ſo? remember this morning!

What was done this morning by our mad ſiſter, ſaid Lord C.? Let her tell you if ſhe pleaſes, anſwered I. No, but I won't tho', indeed, replied ſhe, bluſhing. Surely, Cordelia, you fair women are more apt to bluſh than we brown folks. Now perhaps I was the guilty perſon, but I did not bluſh.

Why,

Why, what now, cried Lord C. taking her hand. (My ſiſter laughed, ſo did I; and aunt Montague, who then knew nothing of the matter, ſat watching to ſee what ſhe could catch.) She muſt have done ſome bad thing or other, don't you think ſo, my Lord? ſaid I, ſhe ſeems ſo much confounded at the remembrance of it.

Surely, Miſs Julia, anſwered Letitia for him, there never was your fellow—With ever ſo great advantage on one's ſide, one had better let you alone; you give ſuch a turn to things, there is no being aware of you.

Indeed, ſaid Lady C. ſhe is a ſad girl; we had better be quiet, for if we do not ſhe will be too much for us.

Are you in the ſcrape too? replied Mrs Montague. I beg to be excuſed anſwering any queſtions, Madam, anſwered ſhe---Come, girls, (to Letitia and me) it is time we think of dreſſing.

We followed her now into her dreſſing room, Mrs Montague did ſo too, and there we told her of the morning frolick;

frolick; but, as I ſaid before, we determine to keep it an entire ſecret from all the me. I would not have run the hazard of a diſcovery in the manner I did to any of the reſt of the ſet but Lord C. he is a good creature, and one may do very well with him; but my brother, he is almoſt a match for me, I own; I very ſeldom dare trifle, or play any of my tricks before him.

* *

Feb. 16. *twelve at noon.*

A few minutes now, I hope, will enable me to put in practice that revenge I owe to Letitia, for the aſſiſtance ſhe gave Lord C. in putting on my bracelets yeſterday morning. I every moment expect a perſon from Perſivant's. Oh! I hear her in the next room with Jenny.

* *

Well, now I am fully prepared for the attack, which I determine ſhall be made

made immediately after dinner. (Miſs Randall has not left us yet, nor will, being to ſtay with my aunt Montague all the time I am in Nottinghamſhire). I have purchaſed ſtrings of garnets, which are faſtened to my old lockets, and theſe I deſign to make Lord S. put upon Letitia's arms. Theſe ſhe may ſafely wear, as not being in the leaſt remarkable things; the alteration of the ſtrings from pearl to garnet will take off all ſuſpicion of their ever having been mine. The lockets are---one a lapis lazuli ſet in gold; the other ſome of my aunt Montague's hair braided, with the cyphers of her name upon it, ſet round with very ſmall ſparks. This, if Letitia is aſked any queſtions concerning, ſhe may ſay is the hair of her aunt Matthews ---Maxfield, or any other name beginning with an M, ſhe happens to think of at the time.

* *

Found

Feb. 17.

Found no more time for writing yeſterday; for Lord S. and my brother after dinner propoſed, by way of a frolick, that as Lady C. was not to make any public appearance during the preſent time of her being in town, we ſhould all go to the play incog. taking our ſtation in the two-ſhilling gallery. I vaſtly liked the ſcheme, as I do any odd ſcheme that offers. This, you know, is my nature; and Letitia ſuffered her eyes very plainly to ſpeak her approbation of it when it was firſt mentioned; but on my declaring myſelf to be for the queſtion, ſhe immediately voted on the ſame ſide.

We have now four to three, in caſe the grave married folks ſhould have been averſe; but they were not, nor aunt Montague; ſo at a proper time, dreſſing out ourſelves in as great diſhabille as we were able, we ſet forward to Drury-lane play-houſe, and went into the gallery.

To be ſure I am born to meet with adventures. What, I wonder, is there in

in my face which makes all the men take ſuch notice of me?

I ſat juſt behind two ſmart beaus, who for ſome time ſtared at me pretty handſomely; but during the time of the muſic between the firſt and ſecond act, one of them offered me an orange. I endeavoured to look as if I had a mind to take it; yet ſaid in a low voice---No, Sir, I dare not; my miſtreſs will ſee me. Your miſtreſs, replied he, where is ſhe? Huſh, huſh, anſwered I, don't ſpeak loud, ſhe will hear you; ſhe ſits there, pointing to my aunt Montague, between whom and me there was only Letitia; Lord S. and Sir William not being able, we came in ſo late, to get ſeats on the ſame row, but were obliged to ſet two behind us.

Who is your miſtreſs, pretty dear? ſaid my ſpark, who now doubtleſs took me for an Abigail. I muſt not tell you her name, anſwered I; ſhe is a very rich old woman. Letitia I ſaw began to obſerve us, ſo I whiſpered her, dear girl, we are both chambermaids, mind that; and

and if you are aſked, Lady C. is your miſtreſs, Mrs Montague mine.

I had but juſt given her the cue, when the man aſked me who that pretty girl was---A couſin of mine, Sir, replied I; ſhe waits upon the Lady who ſits next my miſtreſs.

He then pulled his friend, and whiſpered him, upon which he began to chat with Miſs Randall---I ſuppoſe was bid to do ſo in order to take off her attention from us.

How long have you lived with your miſtreſs? aſked my beau. Here the appearance of Mr Garrick upon the ſtage made me reply, (I rather chooſing to mind the play than the nonſenſe of Sir Tinſel Tawdry; he was very fine) Pray Sir, don't talk to me while the play is acting, my miſtreſs will ſee you and be angry. He bowed and obſerved the command; but between the next act repeated his queſtion of how long I had lived with the old beldam? poor aunt! ſo he called her.

Not

Not many months, Sir, anſwered I; I am but newly come to London—Do you like London, my dear?

I ſhould if I was a lady, Sir, ſaid I; but I don't love to be confined to the whims of other people indeed.

Should you like to leave your miſtreſs if you could get a better place? Will you come and live with me, pretty creature?

Is your lady good tempered, Sir? anſwered I; won't ſhe expect I ſhould always be at home, unleſs I go out with her?

I have no lady, my dear—I am not married.

Lord, Sir! no lady! Why what can you poſſibly have for me to do then? I don't love working with my needle; that is, of the two, rather worſe than ſitting, as I am forced to do, and reading to my lady.

If you will come to me, charmer, you ſhall not do any thing but what you like.

Oh, Sir! I can't tell how to believe you, anſwered I, for ſo my old lady told me—She is, you muſt know, landlady to my father; and about ſix months ago, coming down to her eſtate, perſuaded my mother to let me come and live with her, not as a chambermaid, but her woman: Now, Sir, my mother uſed to make a child of me, ſo I was pleaſed with the thoughts of being a woman, and therefore ſaid I would go to London. I did ſo, but I wiſh I had not; I had rather be a child again in the country, and run after my ducks and hens, than be a lady's woman here in town, confined as I am.

The man ſeemed greatly pleaſed with my ſimplicity, but before he had time to make any advantage of it, the play continued, during which, by my order, he again was ſilent. He put his hand behind him, and would have held one of mine, but I would not ſuffer it, ſaying, my lady might poſſibly ſee it, and then I ſhould be ſadly ſcolded when I got home, for ſhe was mightily for re-

ſerve

ſerve in young people, he was therefore obliged to be content, till the ſilence of the actors again ſet his tongue at liberty.

He then preſſed me to come and live with him, told me I ſhould ſit at his table, and manage his houſe, and live like a lady; all which I anſwered with as great ſimplicity and innocence as I was able: But after a-while, he began to be very importunate, inſomuch, that I knew not what to anſwer, or what to do with him, and would have given ſomething to have been rid of his impertinence. I could not ſilence him, as I tried to do, by ſaying my miſtreſs would obſerve his talking to me; he would not regard that, or my declaring I would not live with him. He ſtill continued to urge me to it, ſo at length I feigned compliance, ſaid I would, and promiſed if I could get out, to meet him in the Park next morning; or, if I could not do that, ſaid if he directed a letter for Mary Hazle, at Mrs Brown's in Copt-hall-court, (there is ſuch a place in the city, Cordelia, I was once in it to viſit a

lady with my aunt) I would take care the footman ſhould give it me, and ſend one back to him. He gave me, hereupon, his direction on the cover of a letter, whether his real name or not, he beſt knew. It was to Peter Banbridge, Eſq; in Old Broad-ſtreet, behind the Exchange—(how lucky was I to pitch upon the place of my abode ſo very near him) he ſaid he was glad to find I was his neighbour.

Well, at laſt the play and entertainment both were finiſhed. He would have handed me out, but I forbid it, ſo he let me go; and coming to Lord S. he took care of me through the croud, when at length we all got ſafe to Bond-ſtreet, where, during the evening, I entertained the company with an account of my adventure; my aunt and ſiſter, however, rather blaming me for indulging myſelf in freedoms which they ſay may draw me into ſcrapes if I don't take care.

I ſhould have mentioned, that before we went to the play I had taken my revenge

venge upon Letitia---(her beau only talked to her in the common run of complimental chat)---and diſpoſed of my bracelets to the general ſatisfaction of all the company.

My brother was greatly pleaſed—he ſaid, he had often thought of making Miſs Randall a preſent of that kind, but feared ſhe would not accept it willingly at his hands, knowing her to be a lady of prodigious prudence, and mighty ſcrupulous of doing any thing in the leaſt liable to cenſure.

Brother, anſwered I, you can't condemn Miſs Randall for this, I am ſure; but on the contrary, muſt applaud her for it, ſince it is moſt certainly known, that however imprudent, however unguarded you men of pleaſure may be in your own behaviour, you eſteem a proper degree of prudence in woman, as the greateſt perfection ſhe can poſſeſs. And, dear Letitia, (turning to her) if theſe ſtrange, mad creatures ſhould ever attempt to draw you into any ſcheme your own prudence condemns, follow

the dictates of that prudence; for *nature* has given you ſo large a ſhare, you need not have a better monitor. Therefore, whatever that points out to be wrong, be aſſured is ſo, as taking valuable preſents from men who are no relations, nor like to be, &c.

Now while I uttered theſe words, I believe I looked upon her with ſome meaning, which I own I intended; a pair of diamond tops ſparkling in her ears, I knew Sir William had given her. She bluſhed, and I, not being willing to add to her confuſion, took her hand, ſaying, Why really I think theſe bracelets look mighty well, ſurely they never appeared ſo pretty before! nor was I till now, Letitia, ſufficiently ſenſible of the beauty of your arm.

But I muſt ſtop my pen, and think of ſending the vaſt quantity I have written away, which I the rather do, ſince reading it may afford the diſconſolate Cordelia ſome relief in the abſence of her ſwain; and I make no doubt but you and Mrs Crawford, are anxious to hear

hear ſome account of the day of days. Here then, take it as you find it, from your

JULIA HARRINGTON.

P. S. I ſhan't touch a pen any more while I ſtay in London, ſo my next will be dated from C. Park, for which place we ſet out in two days from this.

LETTER LI.

Miſs JULIA to Miſs CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

C. Park, Feb. 24.

SAFELY arrived at a moſt delightful place, my dear, and after a very pleaſant journey; no one croſs accident happened all the way. We ſet out on the 19th. made two days and an half of it, and reached the Earl's ſeat at two o'clock.

He

He was in high expectation, and ready to receive us in the great hall. And now I'll write another act of my farce, ſiſter, though I don't know what to ſay to that neither, ſince the title won't ſuit the preſent ſcene. It is not the prelude to matrimony now---matrimony is over---what ſhall I call it then? it muſt have another name---ſuppoſe the *Sequel to Matrimony*.

Yes, I think that will do. Well, then, take it thus:

The Sequel to Matrimony.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene—a large hall in the Earl of W.'s houſe. The Earl diſcovered ſitting in a great chair before the fire, accompanied by his two favourite little black ſpaniels, Rover and Ranger.

Enter Lord C. leading in his Lady, Lord S. handing Miſs Harrington, Sir William and attendants following.

On their approach the Earl jumps from his ſeat, runs to his ſon and daughter,

ter, who bending their knees, he folds them in his arms.

Earl W. God bleſs you, God bleſs you, my dear creatures! thus, and thus, and thus, (embracing and kiſſing them) let me welcome, and join together my dear, dear children. But come, Ned, riſe my boy; pray fair Lady, (helping up Lady C. holding her hand, and gazing in her face with great attention) why, yes now--- my boy I ſee underſtands ſomething of the matter. I was ſure he might be truſted. Here is beauty by my troth! beauty which none can equal, travel never ſo far. Ah! hey! though (caſting his eyes upon Miſs Harrington) why, here is another paragon! where I wonder did theſe women grow? women did I ſay? angels! goddeſſes to be ſure! no earthly creatures, unleſs fair Roſamond and Cleopatra are come back again to ſet the world on fire. Well, well, I thank God I am old; for I can (ſaluting Miſs Harrington) thus join my lips to theſe pieces of coral without being in the leaſt hurt. It was not ſo always; but thank God

God I am old---(looking at the gentlemen) Lord S. and Sir William Harrington I ſuppoſe, Ned? (they both bow, the Earl takes their hands) Sir William, you are a ſort of a relation, God bleſs you, the bleſſing of an old man can't do you any harm; you are welcome, quite welcome to my houſe: But Lord S. are you not a bold man to venture yourſelf daily in the company of ſuch women? unleſs---(looking very archly) yes, yes, I conclude it muſt be ſo.

Miſs Harrington hereupon is rather confuſed, ſhe bluſhes, and Lord S. caſts his eyes tenderly upon her, a ſmile at the ſame time appearing on the countenances of Lord C. his Lady, and Sir William Harrington.

Earl W. 'Tis ſo, 'tis ſo, I ſee that plainly in the faces of you all. Well, well, Lady, don't be aſhamed of your man, you need not I can tell you, if he is as good as he looks, which for your ſake I wiſh he may be. But this is a ſad age, a very ſad age! wicked doings, wicked

wicked doings. The young fellows any of them are ſcarcely worth hanging.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Earl W. Aye, laugh if you will, it is very true---but I forget myſelf---(ringing a bell) the weather is cold; wine and cake will not be amiſs, as dinner won't be ready this hour. Come, ſit down; never were dear creatures more welcome. Here, ſon, you on one ſide of me, and my charming daughter on the other; give me an hand each of you. Well, I do moſt heartily approve your choice, Ned, upon my troth I do. I am ſo happy, ſo very happy.

Enter a ſervant with white wine and cake, of which all the company partake; after it a turn in the garden is propoſed till dinner time, which being accepted---

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE II.

A magnificient parlour; a ſide-board is ſet with plate without end; a table ſpread with a ſumptuous dinner. Attendants waiting.

Enter

Enter the Earl of W. handing in Lady C. whom he ſeats at the upper end of the table; Lord S. Lord C. Sir William and Miſs Harrington, take their reſpective places.

Earl W. Sweet daughter, while you remain at this houſe, be abſolute miſtreſs of it. Come, let us ſee your dexterity at carving. By my troth, a miſtreſs of all arts, very well, very well, I'll be helped by nobody but you; and yet, yes, I ſhould tire one. Miſs Harrington, come I'll trouble you too. Well, you muſt forgive me, angels! I can't keep my eyes off from you, I hope I don't offendyou.

Sir Will. Offend them, my Lord? Did you ever know a pretty woman take it amiſs if ſhe was looked at and admired? the contrary i deed is apt to pique them they can't bear to paſs unnoticed; they love to be admired, making that their chief aim, it being the chief delight of their hearts.

Miſs Har. Let you alone, Sir William, for *civility* to our ſex. Is he not a ſad, rude creature, Lord W.?

Earl

Earl W. He is your brother, Madam, and takes the liberty of a brother, they are ſeldom very complaiſant to ſiſters, they are not ſenſible of their merit or beauty; but for my part (looking firſt upon one Lady, then the other) I can't for the life of me tell which of you is the handſomeſt! and yet ſo very different! why ladies, you ſhould always appear together, for you ſet each other off; you are certainly fair Roſamond and Cleopatra, as I ſaid before. Ned, don't you think they are ſomething, nay, very much like the pictures of thoſe two famous beauties we have got in our painted alcove! We'll take a walk thither preſently, and compare them—ſhall we, angels? (The ladies bow aſſent.)

Lady C. Any thing you propoſe, Lord W. I ſhall ever with the higheſt pleaſure come into.

Earl W. Oh, charming! was there ever ſo much excellence, both of body and mind, ſeen together? ſo handſome! yet at the ſame time ſo very obliging! Why now, moſt of your great beauties are ſo

opinionated, that they will do nothing to oblige people; thinking, as I ſuppoſe, a ſight of their fine perſons is ſufficient to pay folks for bearing with all the obſtinate airs they ſhall pleaſe to aſſume—but theſe ladies! they are—in ſhort, I never met with their fellows.

The dinner being removed, and ſervants withdrawn, after ſitting a-while, the company riſe in order to go to the alcove.

Exeunt omnes.

End of the firſt Act.

Thus, my dear Cordelia, did the Earl ſound forth our praiſes, which ſubject I think I have ſaid enough upon, to have a great ſhare of vanity laid to my charge for tranſcribing it: But then by way of excuſe, let it be conſidered to whom I am writing—to a ſiſter, who is deſirous of knowing all that is ſaid to, and by her

JULIA HARRINGTON.

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